FOREST AND STREAM.

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In still-hunting swear yourself black in the face never to shoot at a dim, moving object in the woods for a deer, unless you have seen that it is a deer. In these days there are quite as many hunters as deer in the woods; and it is a heavy, wearisome job to pack a dead or wounded man ten or twelve miles out to a clearing. NESSMUK.

YELLOWSTONE PARK AFFAIRS.

AT the close of the summer of 1894, a War Department order placed the work of improvement in the Yellowstone National Park in the hands of the Superintendent. Up to that time the care of the roads and bridges had been in charge of an engineer officer, stationed here for this purpose.

During the summer of 1895 a road was surveyed from the Gibbon Falls to the Fountain Hotel, one down Snake River to the southern boundary of the Park, and one from the Grand Cañon to Yancey's over Mount Washburn. On the first of these, eight miles of road was built in 1895 and a connection made with the proposed road down the Madison Cañon, and eight miles of road down Snake River was made passable for wagons, but was not completed. Much work was done also on the road from the Grand Cañon to Yancey's, as well as other minor work of improvement and repair.

The construction and improvement of the approaches to the Park from the east—Cooke City—from the south—through the timber reserve—and from the west—up the Madison Cañon—have occupied Capt. Anderson's attention during the past season. These roads have been located and graded, and a number of bridges have been built on them. Measurements have been made and plans drawn for an iron bridge over the Yellowstone River above the Upper Falls, and a short road is proposed on the east side of the cañon as far as a point opposite Inspiration Point.

Steps have been taken for properly surveying the boundaries of the Park and marking them with suitable monuments. The most easterly and most southerly point of the Yellowstone Lake have been established and marked by cut stone monuments, and this has been done also for the most westerly boundary of Shoshone Lake. Points on the eastern, southern and western boundary lines have been determined and marked. This work has been done by Lieut. Charles S. Bromwell, Corps of Engineers, who reported for this purpose to Capt. Anderson last summer.

While much has thus been accomplished since the care of the roads and bridges was turned over to Capt. Anderson, much more remains to be done. The appropriations for this work are small, and their insufficiency adds to the expense of the work and delays its completion. Capt. Anderson has asked for an appropriation for the next year of $100,000, with which he believes a long stride can be made toward completing the roads in the Park. This sum ought to be provided, if these improvements are to be pushed on, so that the public can get about the Park with the greatest ease and comfort.

The early advent of an unusually cold and stormy winter has been severely felt in the Park. November was the worst known there for a long time. Early in the month snow fell to the depth of about two feet, and as there was no wind during this storm, the snow completely covered the ground, leaving no bare places. Two or three days of warm weather, with rain, put this snow in a state of complete saturation. It then turned cold, and left the ground entirely covered with a deep, hard crust of snow. Since that time it has continued cold and stormy.

The large herd of antelope that has always wintered on the flat near Gardiner was driven out during the first severe storm after the crust formed. They passed on down beyond Gardiner and Cinnabar, and many of them have been killed. Some, however, have returned, and a large bunch, numbering about 200, was on the flat in the middle of December.

Elk have also been driven out of the Park in large numbers, and cover the slopes of Bear Gulch and Crevasse, where they also are being slaughtered. Besides the heavy loss which they must suffer from this killing, they are confronted with the danger of starvation during the long winter, and the chance of their survival over the spring does not seem bright. About a month ago there were three or four thousand elk in the Hayden Valley, where they can probably get along very well on the warm ground there. The country between Yancey's and Soda Butte is believed to have its usual herd, which will probably remain there, and be better off than any other bunch in the Park.

The news concerning the buffalo is not at all encouraging. They are seen in small bunches in widely separated districts, and some are reported to have gone into the mountains in several different parts of the Park. Since the slaughter of 1894 they have never gone into the Hayden Valley.

About the middle of November, four men were arrested on Hellroaring Creek, caught red-handed killing elk in the Park. They were tried and fined $25 each. Two of them paid their fines, the others at last accounts were still held in custody in the guard house. A week before Christmas two more were brought in, and now await trial. It is to be hoped that they will not get off so easily.

SNAP SHOTS.

Miss Merriam's notes on the coyote as he appears in California are interesting and are graphically told. They are also timely, as following up the article on this species which appeared last week, and which has brought out other notes on wolves and coyotes, to be published before long. As was remarked by the writer of the article on this subject in FOREST AND STREAM of a week ago, there must be in the memory of our readers a great mass of unrecorded observations on these animals, all of which would be interesting and some no doubt new. The ways in which wolves capture their food, and in which they act in concert when hunting, are of especial interest. In a general way, we know that they used to kill buffalo and to run down deer, caribou, antelope and moose; but the detail of all this, related by eye-witnesses, is lacking. Yet among our readers there must be men who have seen all these things, and who, if they would take the trouble, could tell their fellow sportsmen what they have seen.

Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, made a tour through the Maine woods last summer and found out for himself that moose were killed before the open season. We are not advised as to any figures he has given out to indicate the relative numbers of moose killed in close time and in the open season; but from such facts as we have information of we should say that five out of ten moose killed in Maine were killed illegally.

It is passing strange that so many men who are respectable and law abiding members of society at home go down to Maine and there both violate the game laws and induce the natives to join them or to anticipate them. For it is a common expedient to engage one's "guide" to kill the game in close season that it may be in readiness for the sportsman to bring out after the law is off. What travesty is this on sportsmanship, or on simple manship; heaven save the sport part of it. And what an empty braggart, imposter and charlatan does he know himself to be who spins his yarns and amplifies his lies about his close season guide-slain trophy.

Commissioner Carleton has come to the conclusion which we have expressed, that imprisonment must be made the penalty for such offenses if the law is to have any restricting influence upon the class which now swaggers defiance, secure in their confidence that if they do not escape with their booty scot free, they can at most get off with the payment of a paltry fine. Even this harsher statute will have little restrictive influence if the laxity of law enforcement shall continue to prevail in Maine. Whether the penalty be fine or imprisonment, it will have no terrors for those who are beyond the reach of the wardens, or who are in collusion with the wardens; and as for the extension of the close time to November, that will mean only a prolonging of the hanging-up season, during which the guide's slain moose head will be kept in readiness against the coming of the man who is going to kill it. He little recks of game seasons who does his hunting thus without a gun; a new law would not affect him in any degree, save that his visit for the purpose of bringing out his purchased trophy would be deferred for a few weeks.

This notion that better game protection may be secured by changing off one set of unenforced statutes for a new dead-letter code is a delusion which has been indulged so long that it has become intrenched as firmly as tradition. It knows neither longitude nor latitude, but holds away from Maine to Florida. Here is the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, one of the most consistent advocates of game protection among all our exchanges, suggesting that "a strict enactment providing for restricted seasons and limited killing by one sportsman or party upon one occasion would meet with the approbation and indorsement of a large majority of the citizens of the State." The fact is that there is already a Florida statute precisely of that very nature; it restricts the season and limits the amount which an individual may take, and the sportsmen approve and indorse it. And there is the end. No one pretends to observe the law; it is of so little account that the leading journal of the State evidently knows nothing of its existence. What Florida needs is not a new law, but some little enforcement of the law already on the books. The change essential to improvement is not in the statute, but in public sentiment. To awaken the citizens of Florida out of the fatuous complacency with which they are permitting the wanton ruin of their game supply is a mission to which we trust the *Times-Union* may devote itself. The protection of game resources is one of the public interests with which a progressive newspaper legitimately may concern itself.

There are in this country 600,000,000 acres of vacant public lands, exclusive of Alaska, and yet we are complaining that there is not enough unposted shooting country to go around, and that the game range is narrowing. Moreover, from all this vast area the Government derives not a cent of revenue for shooting and fishing privileges. The single Province of Quebec took in $20,823 from fish and game privileges in 1896.

They have invented in Holland a machine which makes sounds audible at a distance of five miles. The sounds emitted by it are of such a quality that the direction from which they come may be determined to a nicety, and it is practicable to modify them into a signal code. The inventors claim that the device will be of priceless advantage to seamen, who may thus communicate with one another from their ships. It will also be a priceless boon to the duck shooter on the shore, who can call his game in from the horizon.

A German expedition in Africa has discovered a new "sportsmen's paradise." The route was from Mossamedes to Port Alexander, through the Chellu Mountains to Humbe and to Kitere, and down the Kunene to its mouth. They report the country literally swarming with lions, elephants, leopards, giraffes, buffalo, antelope, gnus, hippopotami, crocodiles, pigeons, ducks, flamingoes, parrots and other things lumped in a comprehensive "etc.," which in such cases means whatever one's fondest fancy may paint. It is to be added also that they found gold in the paradise, which means that it will not remain a paradise for long. Gold and game do not exist together after the precious metal has been discovered. A rush to the gold fields follows, a population springs up, and the game is quickly exterminated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

I HAVE been greatly interested in reading Mr. Mather's articles. Some of the incidents he relates are very similar to some things in my own experience.

I well remember my first eating muskrat with Indians. When I was seventeen years old I went hunting very early in the spring with an old Indian named Polis Stanislaus. I well remember him as being the only Indian whom I ever saw wearing a beard. We had started in our canoe early in the morning to look our traps. Noon found us at the head of some falls in a blinding snowstorm. Polis sent me down stream to look some traps, while he attended to some nearer by. On my return I found him in a sheltered place among some low pines. He had built a fire and made a partial shelter by spreading his oiled jacket on two poles, and was roasting a muskrat on a stick. While it was cooking he ate the liver and lungs, which he had broiled on the coals.

When he thought the muskrat done, he stuck the stick it was on in front of him and with his fingers tore off a hindleg with the black foot attached, and offered it to me, saying, "Here some one good piece." It smelled good, and I was very hungry. It is said, "As it was in the beginning so it has been and ever shall be." The Indian tempted me and I did eat. Having tasted once, I wanted more, and he kept pulling off pieces, eating some and handing me some, with the remark, "Here some 'nother one good piece," till all was eaten except the head and tail, which he reserved for himself, carefully picking every particle from the bones. Although a muskrat roasted on a stick and eaten without salt or anything else would not look very tempting to me now, my greatest trouble then was that we had not more of them.

Some years after I was hunting in the spring with an Indian named Lewie Tomah. The second day out we overtook a party of seven other Indians and camped with them. After we had looked our traps in the morning Lewie volunteered to get breakfast, while I skinned and stretched our catch. At length I heard the usual Indian call *nèhé kesatben*, pronounced nay-hay-kays-art-been—cooking is ready. Going to the tent, I found that Lewie had made tea by putting some of the hemlock boughs on which we had slept into the kettle, and had made a stew of musquash, putting in the head, legs, feet and tail. It was literally thickened with bits of moss and fir needles, which, singed off by the fire, had fallen into the open kettle. The water for this compound he had dipped from a little nook where we all had been washing our bloody hands, in addition to which I found considerable of black hair much larger than grows on a muskrat. The noted scout, old Jack Long, used to say, "You ain't a pastry cook or a hasty cook, nor a tasty cook, but for a dog-goned nasty cook I'll back yer ag'in the hull Pacific slope," but I would back Lewie against any cook old Jack ever saw. I remember when on an expedition in 1861, where our cook was not over neat, that Prof. A. S. Packard one day said to him: "Cook, cook, you are the nastiest man I ever saw. Tell about a man's eating a peck of dirt, I've just finished my fifth peck." I certainly thought that I had eaten all I needed of my peck at this one meal, and after that I did the cooking myself, till I exchanged Lewie for his nephew, who was a nice, neat fellow.

Although Indians eat the heads, feet and tails, they are neater in dressing musquash for cooking than most white men. In skinning they never take them between their knees, as white men do, but cut a stick as large as one's finger, which has a fork. This they cut so as to leave an inch of each branch at the fork, and sharpen one fork. They cut off this stick 18in. below the fork and sharpen the end. This is called a skinning stick. In skinning a rat they stick this up in the ground between their legs as they sit flat on the ground, and hang the rat on it by the gambrel cord, so that the nose is just clear of the ground, and so keep the meat perfectly clean. When the rat has been skinned and disemboweled, they not only remove all the musk glands, but cut into the thick part of the inside of the thighs and forearms, and take out a small white substance which resembles the treadle of a hen's egg, and which if cooked would impart a strong musky flavor to the meat. They are also careful to remove the eyes and a yellow substance at the inner corner of the eye, which would give a musky flavor. Indians prefer muskrat to almost any other meat except beaver, and will always exchange partridge for muskrat, as they say, "Pa'tlidge too dly." If asked if muskrats were good I should say yes, in the abstract; but having once been obliged to live on them several days, I have not for many years eaten them unless no other meat could be obtained.

Mr. Mather tells of his nearly firing at an Indian which he thought was a bear. I once had a similar experience. I was looking up traps on a dull day late in November. It was cold and spitting snow, although the ground was bare. I was traveling in some quite thick spruce and fir growth where there was no path. Suddenly I thought that I had seen a glimpse of something black disappear behind a low fir windfall, as far in advance as I could see, perhaps 25 or 30yds. I brought up my rifle and waited till tired; and not seeing anything, advanced softly, holding my rifle ready for a quick shot. Again I saw it, and was sure that I saw coal black hair, such as no animal but a bear could have. Again it disappeared, and I advanced. The next time I could see the hair plainly, as I was not ten paces off; but the thing looked as it had done before, smooth and rounded, but showed no trace of ears or the brown nose, which I felt sure I must have seen if it had been a bear. I was now so close that it had very little chance to escape, but I was more than before puzzled as to what it could be. Creeping up carefully, I looked over and was surprised to see a very small old Indian known by the white people as Little Poses, but known among the Indians as Pan-dook-seh, or Very Sleepy. On my saying "Que" (how do you do?), his head flew up as if it went with a spring. He told me that he had come there to dig a particular kind of root for medicine, for an Indian doctor with whom he lived, and did not know of anyone being near him till I spoke.

He was sitting flat on the ground, digging with his fingers, and when he bent forward to his work his head was below the windfall, but whenever he rose to take a rest the top of his bare head could be seen above it. I had first seen him just as he was bending forward. I should certainly have shot him if I had not long before resolved never in any case to fire at anything until I was certain what it was. One never knows where he may meet men who may be sitting or lying down to rest. I have known a number who were shot in this way, and the only safe way is never to fire unless absolutely certain what one is firing at.

H.

MAINE.

THE DAYS OF THE MUZZLELOADER.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.

IT is always a pleasure for the veteran to fight his battles o'er again, and the more so when from age or illness the beloved gun becomes a burden and one is no longer able to follow the pleasures of forest and field There also comes a time when the sportsman's recitals begin to tire with repetition among his friends and even in the home circle, and he feels obliged to seek fresh listeners. So I wish to trust my early experiences to those of my fellow sportsmen who are in sympathy with the pleasures of outdoor life, and who look back with the keenest pleasure to the days when no tramp was too hard and no journey too long to take in search of sport. In those days the deadly and destructive breechloader, which is responsible, more than anything else, for the decrease of our game supply, had not yet been invented. In fact, the percussion system had only just replaced the flint lock. Then every bit of cover held its quota of game and it was not necessary to travel hundreds of miles to kill a few birds or a deer. An hour or two's drive into New Jersey or up to Westchester county would land one where fair sport could be enjoyed and the sportsman be enabled to return home the same day. Railroads were in their infancy, and market gunners with their breechloaders had not swept the covers of Rockland, Orange and Sullivan counties bare of game.

My first recollection of sport was way back in the fifties, when, as a lad just out of boarding school, I became the delighted owner of a little 20-gauge German double-barrel muzzleloading gun, with all the delightful accessories of Dixon's pouches, flasks, cardboard wads, etc. This little weapon was sufficiently deadly to kill a chipmunk or red squirrel at 20yds. distance. A few years later I became the proud owner of an old-fashioned rifle carrying 120 balls to the pound, and I began to feel that I was already a mighty hunter, particulurly one day when I accomplished the slaughter of my first ruffed grouse early one morning when just starting out for a squirrel hunt, and with which I promptly returned home, too proud and happy to hunt any more that day. The woods and coverts around Canandaigua, where we then lived, were well stocked with game. Ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock were fairly abundant, and squirrels and wild pigeons could be found everywhere. I remember well an English snipe which I found on the low ground in front of my father's house; day after day I followed that tantalizing bird, which knew the range of my little gun to a foot. I do not know how many pounds of shot I fired at that snipe, but it must have been many. I never hurt him, and, as far as I know, he may be alive yet. From these youthful sports I soon graduated, however, and with my father's 12-gauge muzzleloader began to do some execution.

An old companion of Frank Forester, one Andrew L. Williams, of Newark, then residing in Canandaigua, took pity on my ignorance and began my education as a sportsman. He was an excellent and thoroughly good sportsman himself, and under his tuition I rapidly improved as a wing shot. Our principal game was ruffed grouse and woodcock, though now and then we would run across a bevy of quail or a wisp of snipe, but the quail were to me the hardest bird to kill on the wing of all game, and after an experience of over thirty years I stick to that opinion. At least twice a week during the season Williams and I would drive to all the good cover within a radius of five or ten miles of Canandaigua. In this way we picked up many a good bag of birds. Williams scorned to shoot pigeons, squirrels or hares, but now and then a stray wood duck or mallard would be brought to bag, much to my delight. Those were happy days when, accompanied by our brace of spaniels or setters, we tramped from morning until night through the beautiful autumn-tinted forests and fields of Ontario county, stopping at every promising bit of swamp and cover and generally taking our share of whatever game it contained. Jolly were the lunches we ate under the shade of the trees and lovely were the drives home in the frosty, cool moonlight evenings, enlivened with pipe and story, and the cheerful welcome home and delightful game supper after our hard day's work added greatly to our enjoyment. The scene of my next sporting trips after leaving for New York was Barnegat Bay. How well I remember my first visit to dear old Squan Beach, the home of Bill Chadwick and innumerable wildfowl and bay birds. Visited in those happy days by such famous sportsmen as Uncle Gil. Davis, known as the Governor of Coney Island; Robert Barnwel Roosevelt, Benjamin Lilly, Bob Robinson, Staples, Palmer, Rodman and a host of others, many of whom, alas! have joined the great majority in the happy hunting grounds. Billy's old ranch was built chiefly of wreckage cast up on the beach, which at Chadwick's is only a couple of hundred yards wide, and frequently during the fall storms the ocean makes a clean breach over to the bay, and the house becomes an island. The big flash light at Barnegat can be seen blinking away down the bay, and it was not unusual for visitors to get a shot from the end of Billy's old piazza. Here during the summer and early fall I had glorious sport with the bay birds, and later in the season with the wildfowl. I hope no sportsman will be tempted by these lines to now visit Chadwick's in search of sport. An infernal, screeching railroad now runs past Billy's hotel. Chadwick has sold enough sand lots to cottage builders to become well off, wears a plug hat, and no longer calls the passing broadbill to stool. The old-fashioned, smoky, low ceiling barroom is gone, and the glory of Squan Beach has departed forever, and with it the jolly crowd of sportsmen who used to make it lively there. The ocean still pounds and cracks on the beach, and Barnegat light still flashes out its warning; and now and then some unhappy city sportsman worries down a poor unfortunate sheldrake and imagines he is having sport. Heaven save the mark! About this time I accidentally visited Mansfield Center, the home of my father-in-law. I was agreeably surprised to find an abundance of quail there and a fair sprinkling of ruffed grouse. I immediately sent for my dog and gun, made the acquaintance of the village gunner up at the grocery store for the sake of his knowledge of the grounds and once more managed to enjoy some very good upland shooting.

This local village sportsman was quite a character, and owned the wildest of wild dogs, but he knew just where the birds were located, and between us we managed to make some very good bags. My headquarters were then at my dear old mother-in-law's, and a right comfortable old-fashioned home it was. Right pleasant it was to return to the old house after a long, hard tramp and find it a blaze of light, and to sit down to a New England supper; and everyone knows what that means, especially the pumpkin pies, and hers were unequaled. I shall always look back to those peaceful days among the Connecticut hills as among the happiest of my life. The stock of game about Mansfield Center soon began to diminish. Every man and boy owned a breechloader, and between the shooting and snaring for market I found I had to look for fresh fields. These I found around my own new home in Hackensack, N. J. In the 70s the sport in northern New Jersey was by no means to be despised; of course it was not to be mentioned with that described by Frank Forester in his days, but I know very well we should be mighty glad to have as good now. Hackensack was then small and old-fashioned, and there were not over three or four sportsmen in the place, but it was near New York and growing rapidly, and presently there were ten gunners to every bird, and it was the same old story over again.

My next experience was in the Southern States, particularly Virginia and North Carolina. Here certainly I found game enough, but of course it was far from home and home comforts, and everyone who has visited the South knows that while their hospitality is beyond question, their home comforts and conveniences are not to be compared to ours in the North. Quail and wildfowl are to be killed there in great abundance, also a few woodcock, but no ruffed grouse. Now and then the lucky sportsman will happen on a wild turkey, but quail is the principal game, and as there is no shooting for market allowed the supply of game is likely to last for years to come.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

IN the fall of 1888 I was detailed by the general superintendent of the company to go to an isolated little settlement in the wilds of Somerset county, Pa., to look up a former employee, whose knowledge of certain facts in a case then pending in court was considered of great importance.

It was not certain that his testimony would be favorable to the company, and I was instructed to sound him and act upon my best judgment as to his value as a witness; nor was it certain that I would find the man, but my instructions were to exhaust every effort to do so, and to go to other places where he might be if necessary. Thus it was that I came to be landed at a lonely watchman's shanty at the intersection of a still more lonely mountain road about 4 o'clock one afternoon in September. From the one-legged watchman, whose simple duty it was to flag trains in the event of a landslide where the bank was cut away, I learned that the settlement was five miles away, and the only way for me get there was to walk, which fact was not less cheerful than the thought that I was in a moonshine district, where strangers were cautiously watched, and sometimes murdered on suspicion of being Government spies. But there was no remedy, and after lighting my pipe I proceeded. The day was beautiful and the road quite romantic, which to some extent served to dispel disagreeable thoughts; and before my journey was half over without meeting any one I began to enjoy it, and was almost sorry when a little before sundown I arrived at the summit, and beheld the little settlement but a short distance below.

It was a typical backwoods settlement of not more than a dozen scattered houses and a small tavern beside the road. Here I arranged for food and lodging, which I found both clean and comfortable. Upon inquiry I learned that my man still resided in the place, but was away from home, and the time of his return was uncertain, although he might turn up at any moment.

I retired early that night; the exercise of the walk and a good bed combined to bring peaceful and dreamless slumber.

I waited patiently all the following day, passing the time in getting acquainted with the natives, who, though rude in manner and appearance, seemed mostly hospitable and good-natured.

The front room of the tavern contained a small bar over which was served to occasional customers a light-colored liquor, which I rightly guessed was moonshine whisky. The price was five cents a drink, the glasses large, and I saw nothing else sold. In the evening I loafed in the barroom, hoping my man would turn up, as that was said to be his customary resort, but he did not. I amused myself by watching and studying the various characters and listening to their desultory gossip, which interested me, and the presence of a stranger seemed also to interest them; for I frequently detected sly glances cast in my direction, and once two men who stood apart appeared to notice me more particularly, for one said something to the other which caused him to look quickly at me, and after a few earnest words they departed in company. One old man whom I had treated with a drink at the bar during the day in return for his sociability, probably in expectation of further favors gave me his attention, and from him I learned that game, especially ruffed grouse and wild turkey, was quite abundant in the neighborhood, and I wished for my gun.

The next morning my men had not returned, and the thought of spending another idle day in that monotonous place made me cast about for some means to while away the time. I had noticed a good-looking double muzzleloading gun behind the bar, one barrel over the other, the top barrel a rifle and the under one for shot, which, after a good deal of persuasion, I induced the landlord to loan me for the day, and, when fully accoutred with powder horn and pouch slung over my shoulder, I sallied forth, feeling much of the delight of the days when as a boy I went into the woods similarly equipped, but not until I had received the mysterious caution to keep on the right side of the road and by no means go into the woods on the left. I thought nothing of the words at the time,

and left word for my man to wait for me should he return while I was away.

Following directions, my course took me up the road a little more than a mile to the top of the mountain, where I discovered a thickly wooded and comparatively level country. There I turned in to the right as directed and began my hunt. I had not gone far when I flushed a large covey of grouse, but, unaccustomed to the heavy muzzled gun and the under hammer of the shot barrel, they were out of sight before I could shoot. Marking the direction of their flight as well as I could, I followed stealthily, prepared to shoot if any arose. I soon raised three or four more, which flew back in the direction of the road, and as the woods and undergrowth seemed to be getting thicker the further I penetrated the woods, I turned back, but without finding anything until I reached the road again. Believing they had crossed to the other side, I went over and within 50yds. flushed another covey larger than the first, but again did not shoot because the undergrowth was so dense I could not have raised my own lighter gun before they were out of sight. I followed them, however, deeper into the woods, hearing one get up now and then without seeing it until I began to despair of getting a shot at all. Then, recollecting that I was in a strange country, I bethought me to get back to the road, for I did not want to take chances of getting lost; but, after going twice as far as I thought I had come, I could not find the road, and soon realized that I was lost indeed. I knew that the road ran nearly north and south, but the day was cloudy and I could not tell which way that was. I brought all my limited knowledge of woodcraft to bear, but without satisfactory conclusion. I could not see far enough in the dense woods to tell which way the mountain sloped, for here it was entirely level, and I tried to make out the north side of the trees by the bark, but could see no difference; and I finally decided to take a straight course, in the hope that it would bring me to some sign of habitation. I found by my watch that it was past noon and I hurried on, worrying over the prospect of spending the whole day and possibly the night in the woods.

After I had walked a mile or more I thought I heard the snapping of a dry stick on my left and stopped to listen, but heard nothing more.

At first I was inclined to go toward the sound, but concluded to follow my plan to keep a straight course and try to find my way out of the woods. In a little while I heard the sound again, only a little nearer, but could see nothing, and I determined to investigate. The thought of finding game made me forget my situation, and, marking my position, I crept stealthily in the direction of the sound, but could find nothing, and turned to go back, when I was startled by a gruff voice from behind a large tree which I had just passed, demanding: "Say, mister, what you want yere, anyway?"

Quickly looking up, I beheld one of the two men who had noticed me so particularly the night before, and at first I was glad, but his attitude was menacing, and an ugly look in his eye alarmed me. I almost stammered that I was lost and was trying to find the road.

"Well," incredulously, "what 'd ye come yere fur?" he demanded.

A little nettled at his impertinence, I replied that I thought I had as much right to be there as any one, and did not consider myself bound to account for my presence to him, but if he would direct me to the road I would thank him for the favor.

Without reply he placed his finger in his mouth and gave a loud whistle, then stepped forward, keeping his eye steadily upon me and his rifle ready. I began to have misgivings as to his intentions, and involuntarily drew my gun closer, for I had heard of men mysteriously disappearing in this country of moonshine, and the words of the landlord flashed through my mind on the instant, but he saw the movement and quickly said: "Keep yer gun down, mister. No one 'll hurt ye if ye 'r' tellin' the truth." At the same moment footsteps in the rear announced the approach of another, who proved to be his companion of the night before, but who remained silent while the first gave him my story. Then to me he said: "Ye may be all right, mister, 'n' we hope ye are. If ye ain't, the sooner ye git out o' yere the better fur ye."

I assured him that nothing would please me more, and all I wanted was to find the road. Then I told him my business in the settlement, and how I came to be hunting in the woods, which seemed to satisfy him.

"Well, that's all right, mister, but we don't allow huntin' on these premises; we been watchin' ye all day. The road's over yon," pointing in almost the opposite direction to which I had been traveling, "'n' it's a purty good stretch 'til ye reach it; ye better git there 's quick 's ye kin, 'n'," significantly, "don't ye git lost ag'in."

Thanking him, I lost no time in going, and found it was as he said "a purty good stretch," and I was conscious of being followed all the way.

When I reached the tavern and returned the gun to the landlord he seemed to notice something in my appearance which he fully understood, but said nothing, nor even inquired of my luck. My man had returned and was waiting for me. As an old acquaintance, he was pleased to see me, and we ate an early supper together in the tavern, while I related to him my experience. He expressed no surprise, nor made any comments further than to say it was not safe for strangers to go out in the woods alone.

After supper he accompanied me the whole distance to the railroad station, and it need not be said that his company was agreeable. The interview was favorable and he made a good witness. While attending court he invited me to visit him for a hunt, and assured me that in his company I need have no fear of being warned off the "premises," but I never went. It is a game country, and the moonshiners are pretty well raided out now.

Only last year an acquaintance returned from a shooting trip there with more wild turkeys and ruffed grouse than I have seen together in a good many years, and I am now anticipating a trip with him next fall.

J. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

A DAY ON LONG ISLAND.

THE 3:30 train from East Thirty-fourth street that Monday had at least one happy man aboard. I had been scheming for at least two weeks to get a try at quail, and finally, when about discouraged, I saw a loop-hole which I could squeeze through without entirely rupturing my conscience.

No use trying to read my paper, for visions of flying quail at every conceivable angle danced before me, so that I at least gave myself up to a daydream of bliss—by the way, that's a great habit of mine, and is frequently the only way and time when I really get good shooting. My destination—Bellport—being finally reached, I landed my gun, my bag and myself in the village stage, and was soon under way for the Bell House, a mile distant. A chat with the stage driver showed that the conditions for duck shooting were unfavorable, although a few were being killed—mostly redheads, black ducks, broadbills, coots, with an occasional canvasback—but that quail were abundant. Arriving at the hotel, I was cordially welcomed by Mr. Kramer, the proprietor, and with a heartiness that it seems to me is to be met with solely between gunners—I mean the firm handshake and genuine look of pleasure in the eye that makes one's heart glow, and sinks all the mean pettiness of business aims and strife out of existence for the time being. Friend Bill hustled around and stirred up the great logs in the open fireplace until they snapped and cracked, throwing a glow of warm light about the room and making things seem doubly comfortable by the contrast formed by the dark gray of the sky and landscape showing from the windows.

"Well, so you thought you'd have a try at them, eh? What's it going to be, ducks or quail?"

"Why, Bill, I guess I'll see how my pup will work on quail to-morrow. Charlie is talking pretty big about what he can do, and I'd like to see for myself whether he's preaching or telling a true story."

"I guess from what I hear you'll be more than satisfied," said Bill, "but at all events you'll know to-morrow, and Charlie generally drops in of an evening, so you can arrange your programme for the hunt to-night and let me know what you'll need in the way of eatables, horse and wagon, etc."

"Oh! by the way, Bill, do you remember that redhead you had cooked for me last fall? I'd give considerable to have another feast like that, but I'm afraid there's no such luck for a fellow twice in a lifetime. My! but the thought of it makes my mouth water—cooked just right, dressing and plenty of crisp celery."

Bill's eyes twinkled and he answered, "We'll see; perhaps I can scrape up an old coot or sheldrake and help you out." And with that he picked up my bag and led the way to my room. Now, one word about roughing it: I am only too glad to rough it if it's necessary to do so to get where game is, but I must confess when I looked around at the large, well-furnished and home-like room friend Bill had assigned to my use, with its comfortable, clean-looking bedding, and turned from them to get the warm water sent up to me for washing, I felt that I wasn't called upon to do much "kicking" because some more fortunate gunner was going to sleep under the gray sky, cook his own food and wash in water that numbed one.

To a certain extent the Bell House office partakes of the nature of a country store, inasmuch as during the fall and winter it is the general meeting place of the villagers. After supper one by one they came dropping in with a howdy, generally followed by silence if a stranger was present; but I knew and was known by most of them, and a general chat ensued. "Well, Jay," said one sea captain, "I hear yer goin' to try yer pup on the quail to-morrow. Charlie thinks a heap of him, and I guess he's a pretty good one from what they tells me. Say, boys, did you ever hear about the time Jay and me had awhile ago, shootin' snipe? No? Well, 'twas this erway. Jay here had an idea that he could everlastingly kill snipe, even if he couldn't hit much else from his say so; so one day we started out early, and first we set decoys, and when they didn't show up we finally calculated we'd hunt for 'em; so we tramped and tramped till we were about tuckered out, when Jay spied a couple of creekers a-settin' on the medder. 'Now,' says I, 'let me see you make a clean double on em.' So he walked easy like till he got closer and closer, till by 'm by we wasn't more than ten feet from them, when up they got, one up wind and t'other down wind. I guess he tried trap shootin' style on 'em, for he emptied both barrels at 'em before either had got off twenty feet and clean missed 'em both. Well, he did look tired. He never said a word, but marched straight home; and the reason I've told of it is I've never hearn him say nothin' about it when he's been tellin' any of his huntin' yarns, and I thought maybe he'd forgotten all about it." A general laugh followed cap's yarn at my expense.

By 8 o'clock Charlie M., Jim R. and Charles R., who were to constitute our party, came in and we planned for the morning trip. Charlie M. was to furnish a horse and two-seated wagon, bring my pup Sport and an English setter dog, Brad, of his. We arranged to be off by 6:30 A. M., so as to get the early morning shooting, especially as we had some five or six miles to drive to Yaphank, near which place we expected to find the best shooting.

We were under headway on time, with the dogs scampering and barking around us, for they were to have a run first to take the wire edge off of them.

Now for a word or two of our party. First, Charlie M., a bright, active young fellow of about thirty, quiet and earnest, a native of the place, a carpenter by trade, and one of those men who command respect no matter where they are and among whom; one of the best quail shots in the section and a man second to none in handling a bird dog. Second, Jim R., a right royal good fellow and a first-class duck shot, but with little experience on inland birds. Third, Charles R., the most mischievous imp and best company going, but new to quail shooting. And fourth, the Scribe, a city man, one who delights in gunning above all things, but particularly for quail, woodcock and grouse over a good dog; whose time is too limited to do more than steal away a day at a time two or three times during the shooting season, and whose success with a gun so far hasn't been such as to make him conceited.

Sport, my pointer pup, is fourteen months old, and although quick, is one of the most careful dogs on game I've ever known, and I think he is a wonder considering his age. Brad, the English setter, is finely bred, strong, eager, quick, but apt to get too near his birds and consequently at times flushing them.

With what a thrill of expectancy we watched the dogs quartering the first stubble on the road. Brad, high-headed, was going like the typical field trial dog he is; his broad flag handled with a vim showed his strength and eagerness to first find the birds; his white body with bold orange markings certainly constituted a beautiful picture as he made his long tacks to windward, and then his training and instinct showed in his careful working of the hedge along the fence.

Sport runs a little stilty; his strong point is not his beauty and grace while quartering his ground, although his work is rapid and thorough; but when birds are winded, with his careful, almost cat-like, approach, his eager feeling of the air, followed by his stanch point—then, oh, then is when he seems beautiful to me—for he can be relied on implicitly.

The field, the hedge and nearby woods failing to produce birds, we returned to the wagon; the next two or three fields proved equally barren. Arriving at last at the Yaphank station, we hitched the horse to a nearby tree and struck south through a couple of fields toward a woods where we had heard several gun shots. There we ran across the station agent, who had a bunch of quail scattered and was quietly picking them up one at a time by means of very close careful work on the part of his Gordon setter. He greeted us pleasantly and invited us to try our luck on the birds. No game hog he, but a man well worthy of the name sportsman.

We divided; Jim R. and Charles R., with the setter, bearing slightly to the west; while Charlie M. and I, with the pup, went slightly eastward. We were in dense brush of from 2ft. to 3ft. 6in. high, with here and there a bush from 8 to 10ft. high and trees rather widely scattered. Suddenly whir, out went a quail to my right. I turned quickly and had but a snap shot as he slipped around a big bush. I saw him pitch, but knew he was only wing-tipped. We searched diligently for him, but without success, as everything was as dry as powder and gave the dog no chance; it was some twenty minutes later when the reports to our left showed us Jim and Charles R. were onto them.

We hailed to them and said we'd work toward the wagon and look elsewhere for birds, as we didn't care to impose on our friend the station agent's good nature. On meeting, we found Jim had one bird to his credit, while Charles R. had asked too much of his gun, the bird he shot at being out of range. We tried two more stubbles, the dogs working well, but failed to find birds. It then being nearly noon, we had lunch and stood westward for a couple of miles. Here again we hitched the horse and worked a couple of fields. We were just getting over a rail fence, the dogs to one side, when I heard the report of a gun, saw what I supposed to be a large hawk pitch to the ground, and at the same instant friend Jim took a tumble from the fence and fell headlong into the sweetest tangle of green cat briers you'd wish to see. In an instant up he came, smiling, his face and hands scratched, but with a look of wonderful satisfaction on his face; and why not? He had killed his first partridge (grouse) in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner. We hurried forward and found the grouse to be a male and one of the largest I'd seen in some time. We shook hands with Jim, heartily congratulating him, and told him there were two things unusual in his case: one being that it very seldom happens that a person kills the first grouse he ever fires at; and second, it was not considered absolutely necessary for a man to turn a back somersault and shoot between his legs.

Jim certainly was happy, and showed it; but turning to me he said, "Jay, there's one thing would make me feel better." Being asked what, he answered, "To have seen you kill him!"

Now, what do you think of that for generosity? I'm afraid not many of us who lay claim to the name of sportsman are up to it. It's a pretty high standard, friends.

We walked on a short distance further and came to a cider mill—one of the old-time kind—wandered around, and finally came across one of the women folks, who showed us where to find the best cider. Charlie M. syphoned it into a measure and handed us each a glassful, when we drank to Jim's further success and another one to our own. We were by this time in a comparatively hilly country, with wild wastes of pasture land here and there, patches of woods, and again stubble and meadow.

Starting once more, we crossed the road and walked through an old orchard. When halfway through I was startled by the report of a gun, and turned in time to see Charles R. with a grin on his fat, roguish face; he had shot at a cottontail just as it was going through a fence, but failed to connect. "I'll get the next one if I get a ghost of a show, you can bet a dollar," said he. We laughed; but sure enough, in the very next field up jumped another, only to be stopped by a clever shot from Charles, to his evident satisfaction.

We separated once more. Charlie M., the pup and I started through the corner of a field over the fence, and had just got in the road when I saw what looked to me like a partridge silently disappearing among the trees. I asked Charlie if he had seen it, and he said he thought he had caught a glimpse of a partridge, but wasn't sure. The trees through which the bird flew formed a hedge of from 50 to 100ft. across, and ran parallel with the road, and there were open fields on the other side.

We decided to shoot even if the bird arose out of range, so as to make him lie close the next time. I kept the road, while Charlie M. and the pup searched the woods. Before long I heard a shot and Charlie reported the bird as having flushed some ten rods ahead. Finding the bird so wild, I went well along the road to where a cart path intersected it leading into one of the fields. I took a stand here and made up my mind at least to burn some gunpowder if she tried to run across the road. Soon I heard Charlie working his way through the trees, when with a whir up went the partridge from among the bush and trees on the opposite side from where I expected her to start. I got a momentary glimpse of her form disappearing, took a snap shot and had the satisfaction of seeing her strike with a thump in the open field on the other side, and roll over, but to my utter astonishment take wing again instantly, when she gave me a somewhat better shot, and with the second barrel I succeeded in finally stopping her.

Delighted as I was at killing the partridge, nevertheless

it was a disappointment to me not to have had the pup have a chance of pointing or trailing her. Charlie came up and after letting the pup nose the bird for a moment I stowed it away in my pocket. Charlie was wonderfully pleased at my good fortune and acknowledged that he was about getting disgusted at our hard luck in not finding more birds, for he knew they were plentiful thereabouts, but couldn't seem to find them.

We soon came up to Jim and Charles R., who in fact were coming our way, thinking from our having fired three shots that we had found a bunch of quail. Jim was delighted when he learned of my getting a partridge.

We then started somewhat spread out toward the wagon, then distant about one and one-half miles. We went through some bits of woods and stubble, but failed to find a bird. On a hillside a bunny cottontail started from under my feet. I covered it for an instant, felt how easy it would have been to shoot, decided the little fellow wanted his life more than I wished to take it, and let him go. When within a short distance of the wagon, where we had arrived without any further luck, a rabbit slipped off through some rather heavy underbrush, making a somewhat difficult mark, a hasty sight, a bang, and poor bunny had rolled in a heap. It was now after 3 P. M., and our sum total of game killed was two partridges and two rabbits and one quail—among four persons and the day nearly gone. But we weren't discouraged yet. Quail lead into the stubble about this time and feed until time to roost; and we were in hopes of running across them yet. So into the wagon we climbed, taking the dogs with us for a rest, and headed the old horse for home, intending to visit the stubbles that lay on our route.

A drive of a couple of miles brought us to the next stubble, and this not being a very extensive one Charlie M. alone got down from the wagon, and with the pup had worked well across it before the dog began to road on birds. We climbed down as quickly as possible, but before we had gotten half way the birds had flushed wildly a long gunshot ahead of the pup. Charlie managed to catch one as it was topping a bush.

The flock divided, some going north and the rest south. We started after the birds that had gone north; here we saw some very pretty work, roading and pointing, on the part of both dogs, but particularly the pup. We got three birds and made a couple of misses, for the brush was very thick. Finally the pup began working on one and located it at the edge of the woods. Charlie M. and I stood almost over the dog, and when the bird got up it hadn't got more than 10 or 15ft. south before it swung sharply to the north and west. We had both fired just as it turned, and consequently had shot ahead of it; then in our hurry to better matters both snapped at it, only to record a clear miss again. We looked at each other for a second in silence, when Charlie remarked, "I'll be darned," when we both laughed.

I now started for the wagon with the setter, Jim and Charlie R., as I was anxious to catch the 6:28 train from Patchogue, as there was no train from Bellport to take me to the city that evening. Charlie M. said he would skirt the edge of the woods in the stubble with the pup and we could pick him up with the wagon a little further along; he was in hopes of finding another bird or two. We had gotten to the wagon and Charlie had worked close to 1,000ft. south when he called to us and pointed to the dog, who was standing rigid. We hastily loaded again, hurried the horse to the nearest point, leaving him unhitched, and went on a run to where Charlie and the pup were. The pup looked over his shoulder as much as to say, "Well, are you here at last?" and began roading the birds, which were running by this time. We followed them some distance, when the dog left the field and went over into the undergrowth, where Charlie finally flushed them. He got one when they rose, and just then two started to swing across me; one fairly close, and the other considerably further. I pulled on the nearest and had the satisfaction of seeing him wilt, and looking hastily around for the other, saw it some 40yds. or more distant disappearing among the trees. I took a hasty snap at it, and felt if I didn't hit I wasn't far off, when Charles R. sung out, "Got it, by thunder!" The prettiest double of the season. Charlie M. said the same thing, but acknowledged afterward that he also had fired at the first bird, so we called honors easy on it. To say I was pleased but faintly expresses it.

We drove now rapidly back to the hotel, where I had time to eat a little supper before Charlie M. was at the door with his fast mare, who took us in short order to Patchogue in time for the train.

I found that the boys had tied their birds up with mine—to make it look decent, they said. After a hearty handshake, and expressing my thanks to Charlie M. and the boys for the pleasant day they had given me, I got aboard the train and was once more headed for the city and work.

In summing up I found it had been a mighty pleasant day, and notwithstanding our hard luck in finding but few quail, a day that had been to me entirely satisfactory, and I think a fair bag for so near New York, considering the short time used.

Next day I divided my birds among my friends, and set to work with renewed zest in consequence of my day's outing.

JAY DEE.

A good story is told at the expense of a well-known Leominster sportsman; it runs something like this: A few days ago he and another fellow went gunning; while walking side by side through a patch of woods they flushed a large flock of quail. Both emptied their guns in short meter; a bird was seen to fall. The Leominster sportsman picked the quail up and claimed it, from the fact that he "always picked out his bird to shoot at when a flock went up;" the other fellow admitted that he "fired point blank into the bunch," and as he had no means of knowing whether or not his shots took effect, laid no claim to the bird.

Meanwhile the dog scurried around and to the utter astonishment of the gunners retrieved four more dead quail. "All right," said the other fellow, "if the bird that we saw fall is yours, these four must be mine," and he straightway stowed them away in his game pocket.—*Unknown Ex.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

HOLLAND.—IV.

[*Concluded from page 510.*]

Occasionally a few birds were found among the birches near where we left the team, but it was rare that we found more than two or three. Returning from this cover, we take the first left-hand road and keep on about a mile, when we turn to the right and soon come to an old orchard on the right-hand side that is one of the most unlikely looking places for woodcock that could well be imagined. Nothing but a few scraggy apple trees, plenty of rocks, both large and small, without a bush for cover, made of this an ideal spot for woodcock to shun, but they were here nevertheless, and I have often seen from six to ten birds flushed in the small space within these stone walls. Upon one occasion, when here with Messrs. Ashmun, Bowles and Sabin, we gathered in ten of the beauties, and as we finished at the corner next the road Mr. Ashmun sat down at a low place in the wall, Mr. Sabin taking a seat near him on top of the wall and Mr. Bowles occupied that rock, while I stood just behind him leaning against that crooked ash tree, then scarcely bigger than my arm. Mr. Ashmun was discussing with Sabin the reasons that induced the woodcock to tarry here, when Mr. Bowles, with a merry glance to me, whispered, "Yellow jackets," and pointing to Sabin, around whom several of the pretty insects were buzzing, as calmly as he could awaited events. Some wise old duffer has put down in black and white that "it is the unexpected that happens." When you disturb a yellow jacket's nest it is not the "unexpected" that happens; therefore, as we expected, the fun soon began. Mr. Ashmun started the racket by jumping to his feet and giving a vigorous slap on his thigh, while Sabin, with three or four whacks at his legs, flopped off the wall squarely into the nest, from which the infuriated inhabitants swarmed around his ears in such numbers that he took to his heels, and with wildly gyrating arms and heartfelt grunts he floundered over the stones and left us to our fate. Although Mr. Ashmun was decidedly busy in hitting out at the foe, he appeared to rather enjoy the general results, and I never heard so hearty a laugh from him as when, a moment later, Mr. Bowles's wide open jaws came together with a snap as he made a vicious whack at the back of his neck, and with a jump that would have done honor to an athlete he also deserted us. In the meantime I had received a fair sample of what was going in the shape of a slight one under the ear and a full fledged one considerably lower down; but as I had, as quietly as was possible under the circumstances, mashed the tormenta, I flattered myself that my companions had not noticed that I was more than a spectator; but that evening, after giving a circumstantial account of the affair to our friend, Mr. Herring, the safe manufacturer, who had called to spend the evening with us, Mr. Ashmun quietly remarked in his inimitable manner, "A well told tale, but our friend has omitted two very striking points. One you will find just under his right ear, and the other about eight inches below the belt. This last is a red-hot one if I am any judge of the workings of the human countenance."

After leaving "the orchard" we drive a short distance to where the road turns sharp to the left. Hitching our team to the right-hand barway, we cross the road and are on the ground known as "the old place." When or for what reason it obtained this patronymic all my researches failed to discover; it was a good old place, however, and many delightful hours have I passed among the bounteous supply of woodcock and grouse that were nearly always to be found here. That tangled thicket of tall birches in the cover in front of us was then of young growth and a favorite spot, where we often enjoyed a rare bit of sport; while this open pasture to the right was then a dense alder thicket, where "eye of faith and finger of instinct" were very necessary adjuncts to successful sport. Between these two bits of cover, and extending for quite a distance along the lower edge, was a straggling growth of alders and birches, occasionally a dense patch a rod or two in extent, but generally open shooting clear down to the timber, where we turn to the right along the gently sloping hillside among the witch hazel, always a capital place for birds. Up the ascent a few steps, just at the head of that little hollow, where you see that large clump of witch hazel, old Trump once came to a point. Mr. Ashmun took position on the south side, Mr. Sabin by the dog, and I stood on the north side in that open place. Mr. Sabin stepped in ahead of the dog, a brace of woodcock rose, one turning to the left past Mr. Ashmun, while the other went straight away, both of them collapsing at nearly the same instant. At the crack of the guns two more sprang, one came my way and the other to Mr. Ashmun. The old dog still held his point, and we proceeded to load. No sooner were ramrods returned—for this was in the day of the muzzle-loader—than I moved forward a step or two, when, from the upper edge of the clump, three were flushed, Sabin making a beautiful double, while Mr. Ashmun doubled up the other. This we thought to be good work, seven birds from one point and all of them accounted for without a miss, as Mr. Ashmun well said, "Something to remember, with quickening pulse, when our shooting days are over." Kindly fate vouchsafed me yet another souvenir of this red-letter day, that is still one of the chief treasures of memory's store. We had beat out all the cover, except a small patch of alders just over the wall at the beginning of the dense alder thicket that I have previously mentioned, when Trump found a woodcock at the far edge of the patch, and Sabin went to him and flushed the bird, which came partly toward me, but turned at the edge of the thicket and went straight away. Just as I raised my gun a grouse—started by a rabbit dog in the woods to the left—came by like a winged thunderbolt. I did not see the meteor until it was about crossing the line of the woodcock, but as soon as I caught a glimpse of it, with an inspiration born of my great love for the royal bird, I threw my gun well ahead and cut loose; then again covering the woodcock, I let drive and both birds struck the ground almost at the same instant. The memory of this day doubtless adds much of luster to the halo which surrounds the pleasant spot, but other days of most enjoyable sport also have their share in the pleasant emotions that swell my heart as often, very often, upon the pinions of thought I again revisit the well-remembered slopes and shady nooks of the dear old place.

After working over this cover we return to the team, and passing through the barway just to the left of the horses' heads we follow the old road down the hill until we come to the reservoir, or rather to an arm of it that forms a little bay, surrounded for the most part with quite a growth of weeds. At the upper end of the bay on that little knoll there was then a scattering growth of birches and witch hazel, and we usually found three or four birds there, while the border of the bay often held a number of grouse. Beating out this cover down to where the bay joins the reservoir, we turned sharp to the left and worked out all the cover, finishing it at the alder thicket close by the team, generally picking up a few woodcock and a grouse or two. Once when here with Messrs. Patten and Sabin we drove Mr. Kinney's horse old Isaac, a staid old fellow, perfectly trustworthy in every respect, at least so Mr. Kinney said. Just as we were about to return through the barway to the team a grouse started from the cover below us and flew back along the south edge. Sabin and Patten went for the bird, while I took the team to meet them at the top of the hill. When I arrived there I saw a large hawk coming directly to me, and as he was passing over I cut him down; then the fun commenced, at least it was fun for the spectators, so far as I could judge from the ill timed shouts of laughter that I heard above the roar and clatter of steady old Isaac and the big farm wagon, as at breakneck speed we fairly flew down the steep and crooked road, and it was not until we had rattled over the bridge and struck the deep sand that I succeeded in moderating the wild speed of the perfectly trustworthy Sir Isaac. Casting a retrospective glance over the scene of action, I noted, without a particle of surprise, that with the exception of myself there was absolutely nothing remaining in the wagon, not even a feather; but scattered in picturesque groups all along the road were the various articles that made up our cargo, while at the top of the hill were my two friends, still in convulsions, Sabin making ridiculous signals with our best blanket, while Patten was insanely waving the hawk above his head, and both making such a hideous racket that it was all that I could do to keep old Isaac—and small blame to him—from jumping into the pond.

We have now explored all the principal woodcock covers in this immediate vicinity; there are, however, many little nooks and corners scattered along the different highways and byways that were capital places to pick up a bird or two, and well worth looking over when, as it sometimes happened, the main covers were not quite up to the mark.

Two such covers I must not forget. Across the road from the house just at the top of the first rise was a sparse growth of witch hazel where I have frequently gathered in two or three birds before breakfast, and just south of this, down by the brook below the Butterworth cover, is quite a growth of alders at the edge of the woods, which was also a sure place to find a stray bird or two, and nearly always one or more grouse could be found. One morning upon my return from this locality I met Mr. Kinney at the door and told him where I had been, when he remarked that the only time he ever went bird hunting was several years before down near the brook. Judging from the twinkle of his eye that there was something worth hearing, I asked him, "What luck?" "Well," said he, "I had mowed the brush after haying, and along in the fall when there came a good dry time I went down there armed with a rake and began to put the brush in piles ready to burn. I had been at work a short time when I saw a flock of quail flying toward me, and I kept perfectly quiet and they lit within 4ft. of me, and were out of sight in an instant under a few scattered brush and leaves; but I knew that they were there, as many as twenty of them, for I saw them light. I had nothing but the rake, and I made up my mind that I would whack it down upon them and get at least half a dozen; but just then a happy thought struck me, and I made up my mind to take hold of the skirts of my coat and throw myself right on top of them and catch the entire lot. So I braced myself, meantime thinking that we would have seven of them—one apiece for the family—on toast, and the others I could give away, as I had read that, although quail on toast is nice, too much of it is too much. So, as I had them all disposed of and was good and ready, I made my spring, and with coat tails well spread to take them all in I landed squarely on top of the little brush heap." "Well," said I, as he came to a full stop and drew a long breath, "how many did you get?" With a queer look and most expressive roll of his eye he said, "Well, I didn't have any to give away and none of us had any on toast, nor have I seen a single feather of one of them since; but," added he, "I'll tell you what I did get. I stuck a stub in my side which laid me up 'most a month, and ever since that time I can't bear quail on toast."

Such was Holland in the good old times, and pleasant memories of the glorious days enjoyed in the well remembered and dearly loved spot will remain while life shall last to cheer my waking hours and bless my slumbers with blissful visions of rarest sport. Although the chief attraction of this beautiful resort has in a great measure taken flight to other scenes, there is still left to the sportsman a fair share of the once beautiful supply of game; and if he be a lover of nature in its rugged wildness, and can enjoy the peaceful, calm and quiet beauty of woodland slope and sylvan dell, the weird music of babbling brook, and the restful calm of the still waters, there is yet left to him a wondrous store of rarest gems, adorned with nature's choicest setting, spread before him at every turn with lavish hand, pleasing the most fastidious eye with picturesque beauty, and soothing the troubled spirit with balm more potent than most favored town or proudest city can boast.

SHADOW.

At Chipmunk Lodge.

FROM his summer cabin on the Platte, thirty miles from Denver, Mr. Wm. N. Byers last summer sent us the charming picture which is reproduced on page 5. It is from a photograph by Mrs. W. F. Robinson. The chipmunk, a wild one, had from association become trustful of humankind, as chipmunks are quite ready to do if their confidence be not betrayed. The photograph is a clever bit of amateur work with the camera.

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Natural History.

TRADE RATS AND COYOTES.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

ONE of the animals one hears most about in the San Francisco Mountain region of Arizona is the "trade rat," an original character noted for strong commercial proclivities. His one idea of happiness seems to be to trade. He helps himself to whatever takes his fancy, provided it is not too big for him to handle, but with scrupulous honesty he brings back something to replace it. From some points of view his trades may not be quite fair, but they seem to satisfy the conscience of the rat. The log house where I boarded during the summer had an outdoor cellar excavated in the side of the hill a few rods away, and almost every day when the ranchman's wife went out there she found freshly cut goldenrod or lupin blossoms scattered on the cellar floor, a spray here and a spray there, brought in trade for such useless articles as a lemon, or the cord by which the butter pail was hung. Sometimes the rats come into the house at night and carry off towels and socks, replacing them with valuable pine chips and cones.

The ranchman thought they had no object in their collections, but traded just for mischief, and brought in anything that was handy for them, although he considered them "partial to lupins when they make their trades." He once took up a floor and found the whole space between the ground and the boards—a space 6in. to 12in. deep, under a room 14ft. square—filled in tight with lupin. He told me of his surprise.

"I took up one board and found quite a wad of it," he said, as he sat down beside the kitchen stove.

"I didn't expect to find any more, but as I took up the boards I found it covered the whole floor, packed in tight between the joists and close up to the floor; you couldn't have wadded it in there as tight with your hands; there was all as much as a good-sized haycock, over 100lbs. of good cured hay lupins, not disturbed, no leaves eaten off. I didn't see them at it, but I know it was their work.

They might have put it in to eat and then been ketched," he concluded. While the rats were storing lupins under the floor they came into the cabin and piled the fireplace full of trash—chips, cones, papers and rags—carrying away beans, blocks of matches and whatever lay around in the bunks—even old suspenders and buttons. At night he could hear them "come draggin' those weeds across the ceiling."

In the camps of the men who were chopping railroad ties—the tie choppers' camps—the ranchman had often seen the rats. He said:

"I've seen them sneak in. They're cunning and sly. They'd come and lay down what they had in their mouths and look around to reconnoiter. They have a very intelligent look when they come to look around, and if they thought their way was clear they'd grab up what they had and run. Sometimes they'd cruise round the boxes. They'd carry out anything except what they'd brought in—a darning needle with thread in it, spools of thread, bits of candle, pipes, pens, and I've found a package of coffee out in the middle of the room and could see where they had hold of it with their teeth.

"During the time they were annoying us so much they were making a pile down in the bottom of the cupboard—chips, stems of dry weeds and twine. We had nothing in the cabin they'd eat, you know; they did it just for mischief. They'd just come to ransack round and carry away trinkets. They took a pack of cards and put it among their trash.

"They never destroyed books or papers and never injured anything in any way—just piled it up. Sometimes they'd make a pile as big as a bushel basket—pile it up in a heap. They'll take anything they can carry when they get one of their trading streaks."

The rats seem to be particularly fond of anything that glistens, such as nails, razors and spoons. One of the ranchwomen told me she had found nearly 200 bright metal cartridges up in the hay mow, where the rats had deposited them in a mat of cotton and gunnysack. She spoke of their habit of moving things. One of her friends had been kept awake nights by their trundling the kindlings from one part of the floor to another, and a Colorado woman she had known had had a whole baking of cookies carried from the kitchen table up on the canvas that was stretched under the peak of the roof.

Wood rat is another name for trade rat, and the kind we had about the mountain does not occur outside of the the timber. In the cedar woods our farmer had found rats' piles made of dry cedar boughs, cedar bark, Spanish daggers, handsful of juniper berries and pinon cones, and assured me that "they never miss a cone of any kind." A Texas neighbor told me he had seen nests of the desert rat made of cactus and Spanish bayonets.

Trade rats, rabbits, prairie dogs, badgers and antelope were the only mammals I saw while at Mount Wing Ranch; but coyotes had been plenty in the neighborhood a few years before. The farmer's wife told me she had heard the dogs barking at dusk one night, and on going to the door found three wolves standing by the barn.

The ranchman came in while his wife was talking, and broke in:

"They used to come round here and howl—they'd set up cackling like an old hen, and just bark and bark. To hear one you'd think there was a whole drove of them. They are great for makin' a noise—barkin', especially before a storm and during a storm."

When I asked if they had ever done any harm, as farm work was not pressing that morning, the ranchman took off his hat and sat down good-naturedly to tell me what he could remember of his experiences with the wolves. He began:

"We used to miss our pigs when they were a month or six weeks old, and one day when I was carrying on the piling business I come out to the ranch and the hogs were up here, and I rode along, and as I got on to the rise where that black stump is," pointing out of the window toward the pasture fence, "I saw one of the old hogs chase a coyote. I thought it was a dog first, and stopped to see. Then I saw another coyote and the other hog after him."

Two coyotes commonly work together, it is said, one to decoy the guardian of the young while the other does the stealing.

"The little pigs was scart," the ranchman went on, "and they stood themselves up in a little pyramid pile while the old hogs was chasing the coyotes away. One coyote would come up and the hog would chase him, but the coyote would keep a-going to get the hog away from the pigs; bother and tease him to get him away. The other coyote would be dodgin' round close where the pigs were. Then the coyote that was furthest off he run and skipped by his hog and run as fast as he could for the pile of pigs and got one. By the time the wolves killed the pig, the old hogs were back after them, but they maneuvered round till one got the pig and dragged it off. Then the old hogs went after the other little pigs and took them to the hill."

"Have you ever seen the wolves chase a calf?" I asked the ranchman.

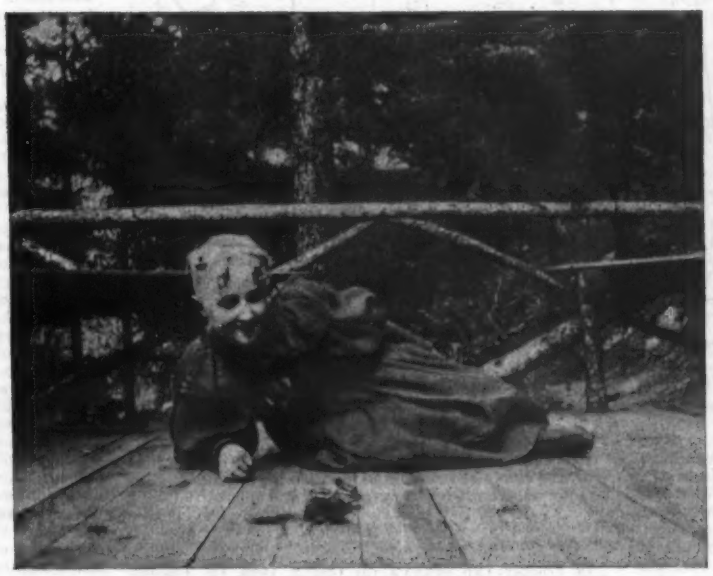
"Seen them?" he ejaculated. "I've seen them right there on that flat," pointing to the meadow below the house.

"There were two coyotes and a cow and a calf. The coyotes would both rush up together and the cow would take after one and he'd run off, and while she was chasing that one the other one would slip up and kill the calf. If a coyote attacks one cow with a calf, when she sets up a-bawlin' all the cows within sight or hearing will come to the rescue, all bawlin' and bellerin' to drive you crazy."

The cowboys are greatly troubled by coyotes and the farmer explained the reason by saying: "You know the cowboys here take a cow's hide and slit it up into strips and twist up a lariat for lassoing, and put a drag hondoo—a block of rawhide or wood—on the end. They picketed their horses out with them years ago when things was new, and often had their horses cut loose at night. The coyotes never bother rope, but I've seen rawhide lariats cut up into short pieces by them as slick and smooth as if cut with a knife. Everybody always looks out for his lariats when they are off on the ranges. A coyote would slip right up and cut them. I've been told of it by a great many horse men and have heard of it out in the deserts here."

"They're a sneakin' animal," the ranchman declared, stroking his beard, and then went on to tell his experiences around the sheep camps. "If they get round the bed ground the sheep will bunch up. I had a bunch of sheep, about 2,400, on the desert near the Grand Cañon. The coyotes was thick there. You could hear them barkin' in every direction, such gangs of them all barking and howling at the same time. On a dark night like this they'd make night hideous. We were doctorin' the sheep for the scab and had them all in a corral, and at night could hear them surging back and forth from one side to the other. The sheep men say coyotes never get inside a corral to get the sheep, but get close to the outside. When they get inside an inclosure they haven't much show to get out with anything—they're a sensible animal. But they're awful bold in the daytime when the sheep are out in the herd. They'll run up to one and cut its throat. Then there's a grand scatterin'," he concluded, as he reached for his hat and went out to hitch the bucking broncho.

[There are people who have grave doubts about the honesty of the trade rat, and this doubt expresses itself in one of the names given to the animal—camp robber. Other names are mountain rat and bush-tailed rat. In the Rocky Mountains this species is regarded with deep hatred on account of its trading or stealing proclivities. It will take anything, from a cartridge—as Miss Merriam says—to a butcher knife, from a needle to a tin plate. When a family of these animals take up their abode in a house, the practice of the ranchman is to stop work and hunt them until he has killed them all.]



AT CHIPMUNK LODGE. PHOTO BY MRS. W. F. ROBINSON.

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RANGE OF THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE IN 1896.

IN response to my request to readers of FOREST AND STREAM for notes on the distribution of the pronghorn antelope, which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3 with a provisional map, I have received a number of letters which add several localities to those earlier given, and extend the range of this species beyond what I gave it on the west and on the south. I bring up the matter again at this time in order to thank my correspondents for their kindness, to print the revised map, and to repeat my request to readers of FOREST AND STREAM to send me any notes on the range of the pronghorn.

Prof. L. V. Pirsson, of Yale University, in 1896 observed antelope along the stage road between Fort Benton and Lewistown, Mont., and about ten miles out and south from Fort Benton in the open country between Fort Benton and the Highwood Mountains. These antelope stood quietly and watched the passing of the stage at about 75 or 100yds. A tame antelope was seen at a ranch on the south side of Judith Mountains, not far from Fort McGinnis. He was caught in that country and reared there. There are still a considerable number of antelope in that country east of Cone Butte and Black Butte, and they were hunted there this summer. The animals spoken of as seen were observed in July and August, 1896. In 1894 antelope were seen by Prof. Pirsson in the open broken country south of the Highwood Mountains and in the bad lands of Arrow Creek. There are no doubt still some there. In 1893 antelope were seen in the open country between the South Fork of Smith River and the head of Shield's River, a tributary of the Yellowstone.

Prof. Pirsson concludes by stating that "In the central part of Montana, namely the Judith Basin country and contiguous parts, the antelope still has a wide but very sparse distribution. They are not very plenty anywhere, and travel a good deal. The general sentiment of the cattle men is against killing them, and I am inclined to believe that it will be some time before they are entirely exterminated there."

Mr. C. L. Herrick, in reply to an inquiry from me asking him for details concerning a statement made in a paper which he published in 1892 in the Bulletin of the Minnesota Geological Survey, in which he stated that the antelope formerly occurred in southwestern Minnesota, very kindly wrote me as follows: "I can only say that during a personal examination of the southwestern part of Minnesota in 1886 or so I found settlers agreed that the antelope formerly ranged considerably east of the Big Stone Lake region, and probably nearly to Lake Shetek. I have no data and cannot at this distance of time and place refer to the person from whom the information was received." Lake Shetek is in Murray county and not more than forty miles from the boundary line between Iowa and Minnesota. If the antelope ever actually ranged as far as Lake Shetek on that parallel, it is altogether probable that at the same time they were found in Iowa as well.

As against this, however, I may quote paragraphs written me by Mr. Orin Belknap, of the State of Washington, in which he says: "My father moved to Pottawottamie county, Iowa, twenty-five miles east of Council Bluffs, in the spring of 1854, forty-two years since. No trace or tradition of the antelope was ever found by us at any point east of the Missouri River, and I am inclined to doubt their existence at any point in Iowa. I remember very distinctly how the starch was taken out of my boyish ambition when, Tom Sawyer like, I struck a boy from Council Bluffs who coolly informed me that across the Missouri, in Nebraska, where he had hunted with his uncle, there were animals entirely different from the deer, called antelope, harder to hunt, swifter, had to be flagged, etc.

"Another thing, too, you will remember, the grass on the Iowa prairies was double the height of buffalo grass on the Nebraska plains, and the antelope never seemed to like the tall grass. Of course there is a tradition that buffalo grass once grew on the right bank of the Mississippi, and if this is true it is quite probable that the pronghorn flourished there; but that must have been long ere my time."

Inquiry among two or three people who traveled across Iowa in 1855 shows that they have no memory of having seen antelope, and the question of their existence in Iowa must be left doubtful until further evidence is obtained.

Mr. W. R. Hall, of Nebraska, has kindly given me some notes in regard to the existence in northeastern Colorado and western Nebraska of the antelope at the present time. He sends me a marked map and says, "That they are still ranging around the cross marked in northeastern Colorado, I had ocular proof no later than May this year, having seen two bunches, one of six, the other of nine. Those of northwest Nebraska I have not seen lately, but have information from sources which I consider as reliable that they are still there. It is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of 200 in this section."

Mr. C. W. Evers, of Ohio, advises me that he saw antelope during the month of February, 1896, in Texas, in the western part of Pecos county. This carries the range about two degrees of latitude further south than shown on the first map. Mr. Evers says, "First we saw about daybreak from the train a single individual, a large buck. He ran near the train in fleeing, and but for his white hips and the peculiar jump or canter I should have almost been deceived into the belief that it was a deer in the misty morning gray. A passenger fired a revolver from the window, and the brute changed its course at once. Ten miles or so further on I saw far away a bunch of seven antelope near the foot of a bluff. These also took to their heels at the report of a revolver, and their bobbing white sterns reminded me of other days on the Little Missouri in Dakota."

PROVISIONAL MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF THE ANTELOPE IN 1896.

As amended Jan 2, 1897. The range is indicated by the black dots.

Mr. C. H. Blanchard, of western Utah, gives me a locality south of the western part of Salt Lake, in Utah. He says: "This spring I was interested in an expedition that went out on the desert to examine a deposit formed by an extinct geyser, and from which now flow warm springs. This deposit is about thirty-five miles northwest of Oasis, Millard county, Utah. The gentleman told me that he saw two bunches of antelope, one of six, the other of eight, by actual count; and he was told by the man who drove the team, and who had been familiar with the country out there as a cowboy for years, that there must be at least 100 antelope in that vicinity. They are very wild, and my informant told me they could not get within what would be considered shooting distance of them, although they had no guns with them."

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, of New York, writes me that he believes that there are still plenty of antelope in Arizona. He says: "In 1883 I was camping in the San Francisco forest in northern Arizona, and hunting antelope. The forests are very open, as you know, and there are many natural parks where the antelope found food. They were then very abundant, and as that country is not very thickly settled, I cannot believe that the antelope have been entirely killed off in 1896." Confirmatory of this opinion is an article in the Los Angeles *Daily Times* of Aug. 15, 1895, which says: "Herds of 50 or 100 antelope are still easily met with on the grassy foothills of the White Mountains. They are quite timid." This article purports to be written by some one who is familiar with the antelope at the present time.

Mr. Lester B. Hartman, of Oregon, writes me that during this summer he found antelope quite plenty, having seen several hundred in two days, on the Pumice Stone Desert at the head of the North Fork of the Umpqua River, south of Diamond Peak, in that State. The antelope which inhabit this desert during the summer go down into the Upper Deschutes Valley to winter. Mr. Hartman advises me that antelope are also abundant in the open country about Stein's Mountain in southwestern Oregon.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam's records for Oregon are given below and are shown on the amended map printed with this. Dr. Merriam remarks in a letter to me: "I have no doubt that the antelope still occurs in California, both on the Mohave Desert and on the Colorado Desert, though none of our men have visited these localities during the past year."

During a recent trip to the West, at which time I spent some weeks in Wyoming and Montana, I passed through Nebraska and Dakota, and made some few observations and inquiries with regard to this species. In Wyoming, in the bend of the Platte, I saw, in one day, I think 1,000 antelope. They were exceedingly tame and I openly rode within 20 or 30yds. of a dozen or fifteen different individuals. I had no gun, as I was riding for stock, and used no caution in approaching the antelope. They are used to feeding among horses and cattle and see range riders frequently, and besides this they were just bunching up into the winter herds. If I had wished to, I could have easily gotten a wagon load of them in a day. As it was, I did not fire a shot. In southwestern South Dakota and in northeastern Wyoming, south and west of the Black Hills, there are still some antelope, though they are very wild and only sparsely distributed. East of Tongue River, between that and Powder River, there are also a few.

I repeat my request to any reader of the paper familiar with the range of this animal, to give me any notes that he may have on it for the years 1895 and 1896.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 3, 1896, Dr. George Bird Grinnell published an interesting article on the present distribution of the antelope, accompanied by a map showing the localities at which the animal is known to have been observed during the present year.

Such data as those here recorded are of the utmost importance to naturalists, and it goes without saying that the more complete such records are, the more valuable. As stated by Dr. Grinnell, we have a general knowledge of the general facts of distribution of the large game animals of North America, but when one attempts to compile the available information he finds very little of positive character which will enable him to map out the range of any particular species for a particular period—much less for a particular year.

Since our large game is becoming less and less common each year, since many kinds have already disappeared from vast areas over which they formerly roamed, and since the areas now inhabited by the different species are shrinking with appalling rapidity, FOREST AND STREAM could hardly have taken any step of more permanent value to the science of natural history than the step it has taken in attempting to ascertain and record exact data on their present limits of distribution. It is hoped that all persons who can contribute additional information will do so, in order that the records may be made as complete as possible. It would seem to be worth while to ask for specific information in advance of publishing each article, in order to make such article as full as may be at the outset.

With a view to completing the antelope map already published, I hereby contribute my mite. In July, August and September of the present year (1896) I found antelope in greater or less abundance in Arizona, Oregon and the Province of Assiniboia in Canada. In addition to my personal observations a few notes are contributed by my assistants, Vernon Bailey, E. A. Preble and Clark P. Streator. In each case the initials of the observer are added to the record.

RECORD OF ANTELOPE IN 1896.

Arizona: San Francisco Mountain region, early July—C. H. M.

Oregon: Steen Mountains, July 23—C. H. M.; Guano Creek, twenty-one seen July 30—C. H. M. and V. B.; Paulina Creek, small bunch seen Aug. 28—C. H. M.; Upper Des Chutes River, three seen in woods near the crossing at East Fork, Aug. 27—C. H. M. and V. B.; Curry's Spring on Silver Creek, between Prineville and Harney, end of June—V. B. and E. A. P; Catalow Valley, middle of July—C. P. S.; Barren Valley, Malhuer county, Aug. 10—C. P. S.; Tumtum Lake, Harney county, Aug. 22-29, common—C. P. S.; Honey Creek, Lake county, June 25-July 3—C. P. S.

Nevada: Noted at Deep Hole, Flowing Springs and Badger, in the northwest corner of Nevada, May 13-June 9—C. P. S.

Assiniboia: Between Swift Current and Lake Chaplin, three bunches of antelope seen Sept. 26—C. H. M. and V. B.

C. HART MERRIAM.

REMNANTS OF INSTINCT.

INSTINCT may be broadly defined as an unreasoning prompting to action, and is a quality possessed by animate nature in its wild state. It is true that the mental operations of wild animals sometimes approach very close to reasoning, but it is certain that most of their actions are governed by that keener and finer sense known as instinct.

In proportion, however, as a wild creature becomes tame it loses this subtle faculty, is less alert to danger, grows more dependent, and after a few generations changes not only its character, but also its physical structure. The wary wildfowl of the Orient becomes the dull, clumsy bird of the barnyard; the sly denizen of the trackless mountains degenerates into the witless sheep, and the swift and clean-cut steed of the desert becomes the plodding, heavy-limbed cart horse. Nevertheless I firmly believe that the old instinct is never entirely lost, and that on occasion it reasserts itself in spite of centuries of repression.

The little dog that runs snapping at the heels of the cow seems to inspire that huge animal with a panic. Why? The cow could kick the dog's brains out or toss him over the fence with her horns. Is it not because of an hereditary dread brought down through long generations from the time when all wild horned cattle were the prey of coursing wolves, to which this cur's ancestry could readily be traced? There is little of the deer or wolf left in these creatures, but the old instinct of flight and pursuit has never been fully eradicated.

This same dog, having more food than he can eat, still furtively buries his bone. Sometimes he digs it up again, but more frequently he does not, and this habit is perhaps a relic of that old instinct of self-preservation, "the first law of nature," which prompted his wild progenitor to secrete a part of the spoils of the chase against the time of need. Four-footed as well as two-footed hunters have their unsuccessful days, and it behooves them to know where they can find a cold lunch to sustain life.

Most of us have noticed that on certain windy November days some strange excitement suddenly seizes the domestic fowls. They squawk and hop and run about, extending their wings as if about to fly. What does this grotesque exhibition mean, and what prompts this lame and impotent attempt to do something out of the ordinary line? Simply, I imagine, the fact that certain wildfowl a thousand years ago used to emigrate about this time of the year, and their degenerate descendants are suddenly touched with a spark of the same old intelligence. But it is only a glimmer of inspiration, and the abortive attempt to quit the earth and cleave the upper air leaves them more dejected than before.

If given an opportunity, however, it often happens that tame creatures relapse, to a certain extent, into a wild state. Gilbert White noticed that, if left to themselves, tame fowls soon learn to roost as high as their wild ancestors did, although the necessity for this precaution no longer exists. It is worth noting in this connection that, although tame things do occasionally revert to a wild state, wild creatures never voluntarily become tame.

The farmer's boy, driving his cows home through the dusk, sometimes sees the sheep preparing to lie down for the night, and it is certainly a very interesting process. The father of the flock trots round them, driving them closer and closer together, until they are a solid mass, into which he finally insinuates himself. When they are all down it will be noticed that those on the outside all have their heads pointing outward, presenting a circle of watchfulness, so that the approach of danger from any point would be quickly discovered. Now all this occurs in regions where large predatory animals have long been extinct and such wariness is uncalled for. It is therefore but an inherited instinct, and all the more remarkable on that account.

The chicken hatched and raised in the city coop, that never saw a hawk or owl, scurries for cover when a pigeon flies overhead. The new-born colt exhibits as much fear of man as if its dam had never known a whip or rein. The sow deserts her pen previous to giving birth to her pigs, and makes a nest for herself in some out-of-the-way place, carrying straw and leaves in her mouth for the purpose, just as the wild hogs do. The domestic turkey once a year quits the farm buildings and seeks some wild, secluded spot in which to lay her eggs and raise her brood. It would be easy to multiply instances of this outcropping of instinct in all the domestic creatures.

But the most interesting manifestation of this subtle sense is in man himself. There comes a time in every boy's life when he wants to live in caves, and subsist on what he can catch or kill or dig from the ground; to play Indian and talk in some half-coherent jargon. He feels a prompting to turn wild and savage, just as the partridge hatched under a hen and brought up with his domestic fellows is always ready to fly away to the woods and be free again; or just as the bees will swarm and leave the hive to seek a home in some maple or basswood, forgetting they were ever tame bees. Who shall say what primitive influences are at work upon the boy in these days spent in the woods and fields.

And when the boy becomes the man, what then? I believe that in hunting and fishing there is something besides the sport itself that lures us. It is not the mere pleasure of killing, it is not the admiration of our friends when the well-filled bag or basket is displayed, not the breath of the woods, nor the sights which please the eye, that, alone or collectively, draw us—aye, drive us—to the forest and brook with gun and rod. It is the instinct born within us—old as our oldest ancestors—of taking life to sustain life. The conditions have changed and we are no longer our own providers; but this instinct is still with us, and lends an earnestness and tenacity of purpose to that which we call sport, but which to primitive man was a matter of life and death. To hunt and fish is to get back to first principles, and a man is never nearer a savage than when on the track of game. How he adapts himself to his surroundings, sheltering himself behind rocks and trees, stealing along silently, peering this way and that; crafty, relentless, absorbed, alert. For the time being he has become a wild thing; instinct takes the place of reason, and the hereditary craving is satisfied.

Is it all a fancy, or have we still in us a residuum of old savagery which can only be satisfied by the fierce delights of the chase and the shedding of blood?

ARTHUR F. RICE.

Antelope and the Great Storm.

WE are permitted to print some extracts from a private letter written by Dr. Edward L. Munson, of Fort Assiniboine, Montana, which show, among other things, how the bitter cold weather of the autumn and early winter has affected the antelope in northern Montana.

Dr. Munson says: "The snow and intensely cold weather have made antelope—never seen here in years—a drug on the market. A competent observer told me that between Havre and Glasgow, 125 miles, there were probably 40,000 antelope in Mild River bottom alone, a bunch every half mile. Every ranch has two or three hanging up, and in Havre they were stacked up in front of the market like cord wood. One man killed fifteen in ten minutes; another got twenty-seven in a morning; another, twenty-two in a day. The Indians are killing them by the thousands over the Fort Beck and Fort Belknap reservations to the east of here. They have evidently drifted south from a long distance, probably from the Sascatchewan country, and few would have gone back had not the weather become warmer. Nothing like this has ever been known here. There are plenty of deer within reach of the post, but no one has gone for them."

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Question in Cookery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—To-night about 10 o'clock, when I went down to my club, I asked the cook, or rather the cookess, for it was a girl, to broil me a chop. As I leaned carelessly over the counter I noticed the cook, cookee or cookess, whatever title suits her, put the chop on top of a long iron slab which rested over the gasoline fire and which served as a stove top to carry all sorts of cooking vessels, from a frying-pan to a tea kettle. I asked the girl whether that was going to be a broiled chop or a fried chop, and she seemed to be puzzled by my question.

"Oh, I guess it's a broil," said she. "Anyhow, that's the way we make a broil."

"But the fire never touched it," said I.

"That's so," said she, "I guess it must be a fry."

"But no butter ever touched it," said I.

"That's so," said she, "I never thought of that. I don't know what it is."

I have been thinking it over since then, and I can't tell what it was either. But it reminds me of all sorts of good chops, different from this one, which I have seen cooked flat down on the coals out of doors. And thinking of those makes me rebellious. Sometimes I almost think I would rather live where they cook things flat down on the coals than at my club.

A Sporting Mayor.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, is a red-hot sport. He goes to Wisconsin and Florida, and all sorts of places, and comes back and tells bigger stories than anybody about fish and game. His honor is just back from East Florida, where he had a successful trip after alligators and other shellfish. Others of the party, all of whom are of Chicago, were: Judge Kohlsaat, Corporation Counsel Beale, Health Commissioner Kerr, G. H. Wheeler, S. B. Raymond, John C. Spry, Clay Mark and D. F. Flannery, and Assistant Chief of Police Ross.

Mortality among Small Fish.

There was this week a singular instance of the fatality which sometimes attends small fish. The whole shore of Lake Michigan for nearly half a mile just off Lincoln Park was lined with dead minnows, which appeared to have died in untold thousands, from cause unknown, though probably from getting too near the Chicago River. Thousands and thousands of sea gulls came in upon the shore and fed upon the dead fish, making a wild and uproarious scene of it all.

Ptarmigan in Chicago.

I append from a local daily paper a review of the South Water street game market, from which it appears that ptarmigan are among the delicacies of the season, though we may be allowed to doubt whether they came from Nova Scotia.

"White ptarmigan or grouse from Nova Scotia, and mountain quail from the Rockies, are among the Christmas novelties in the game line which South Water street men have on sale this year. The ptarmigan are a rarity, and only one importation will be made this season. The birds are plump and beautiful from their diet of spruce buds and tender pine shoots, and their flesh is regarded as a great dainty. The mountain quail is a trifle smaller than his brother of the Mississippi Valley, and is crested, but not so beautifully marked. The difficulty in getting them here in good marketable condition makes them scarce. The English pheasant is the handsomest bird in market, but he has ceased to be a novelty. Next to the wild turkey, he is the largest game bird outside of waterfowl that reaches this market. Wild turkeys sold at wholesale yesterday at 11 to 13 cents a pound, while English pheasants brought $12 per dozen, Nova Scotia ptarmigan $5 per dozen, and mountain quail $1 per dozen."

Chicago an Opossum Center.

A Chicago hotel keeper had four fat possums sent to him this week, and one of them got away and ran down the alley. As the possums were intended for the Sunday dinner of the hotel (the Auditorium), the escape created great excitement. It chanced that the animal was seen by several colored men. From that moment the case was hopeless for the Auditorium.

Ethics.

Last week I mentioned the fox hunt of the Germania Club, which was to occur to-day. The agent of the Humane Society says: "If it is a drag hunt, that is, if the hounds only chase foxes already killed and dragged by horses, we shall not interfere. But if there is any chasing of live animals we will enter the hunt ourselves and be in at the finish with warrants for the whole party. We have been assured that it will be a drag hunt, but we will take no chances and will be present with our deputies." If I were a fox I would rather have a run for my life than to be clubbed to death and then dragged, with no chance for my life, after I was dead, as it were.

How Wild Turkeys Feed.

A friend who is an old turkey hunter tells me something which may not be familiar to all hunters of that matchless game bird. He says that during the day the gobblers and hens never feed together. They all roost together at night, but soon after they fly out from the roost and go to feeding, say after 10 o'clock in the morning, the hens and gobblers straggle apart and remain separated till evening. This is their habit from the month of October on through the winter.

From Florida.

Mr. Byron S. Swearingen, of Tallahassee, Fla., is good enough to write as below in regard to the sport in his section of the world. A great many sportsmen go to Florida each winter from Chicago, and all speak of it as a land of beauty, peace and loveliness. Mr. Swearingen says:

'Sportsmen in this vicinity are hunting a great deal, with splendid success. Quail, woodcock, snipe and doves are very plentiful this year, and ducks are abundant on the many beautiful lakes in the surrounding country. A two hours' drive will take one to good turkey shooting, and at a distance of twenty miles deer are easily found. There are a great many splendid dogs owned here, and they are not only good show dogs, but good, hard workers. There are a number of Northern sportsmen here, and a good many more are expected after the holidays."

The Fox was Dead.

Dec. 20.—The *Tribune*, of Chicago, prints this morning the following description of the fox hunt of the Germania Club, to which earlier reference has been made. The report shows alike the humaneness of some humanity and the sportsmanlikeness of some sport:

"At 2:30 P. M. the Germania Riding Club, the Garfield Park Equestrian Club, the Chicago Hussars, and other riding organizations in uniform, left the Sheridan Drive club house at North Clark street and started for Dymond Farm, west on Montrose Boulevard about a mile. Reynard was carried in a cage in the band wagon, and the thirty hounds kept up an eager barking from an adjoining wagon.

"At North Leavitt street the progress of the cavalcade was interrupted by an accident. W. C. Mortimer, of the Germania Club, lost control of his horse. Two bicycles were run into and their riders thrown, one of whom, J. I. Smith, No. 1744 North Halsted street, was picked up in an unconscious condition and taken to a neighboring house. The horse then dashed into a carriage and threw the rider into a ditch. The horseman, however, sustained no injury.

"On arriving at Dymond Farm reynard was taken from his cage and the hundreds of people who had assembled waited breathlessly for the start. But what was their surprise and disappointment on seeing the little animal quickly dispatched with a blow on the head from a club, the Humane Society deputies critically watching the operation. As the dead fox was tied to the tail of a horse and galloped across the prairies a derisive shout was sent up. The hounds were set loose a moment later, but did not take the scent. They ran in all directions and dodged the riders as they came on eager for the glory of winning the brush. The horse, with its dead fox attachment, made a circuit of about two miles, the riders following far behind, being delayed by their efforts to coax the hounds to keep the scent. Only two dogs out of the pack were found near the finish, and as no one had caught up with the fox a controversy arose as to who should have the brush. It was finally awarded to A. M. Booth, who bid $30 for it.

"For several hours the country was scoured for the scattered hounds. When they were brought in all the party rode back to the Sheridan Drive club house and banqueted in hunters' style.

"J. M. McGarigle declared to a *Tribune* reporter that the party had had more fun than if a live fox had been chased. 'We now have a brush to show for the chase,' he said, 'but if the fox had been alive he would have run into the woods, where we never could have caught him.'"

St. Paul Wolf Hunt.

Sportsmen of St. Paul, Minn., are making plans for their annual wolf hunt, and a local paper of St. Paul says:

"A party of gentlemen interested in getting up a wolf hunt for this season had a meeting at Kennedy's yesterday afternoon. R. G. Brooks, one of the best known deer hunters in the city, is taking a lively interest in the matter, and interested with him are W. H. Ebner, Captain Gibbs and several other equally well-known shots. Letters have been received from several points in this State and Wisconsin requesting the hunters to visit these points for the hunt. The last of these came to-day from Ernest Reinins, State game warden at Aitkin, Minn.

"Reinins begins by assuring the projectors of the wolf hunt that they will get all the game they want by holding their big hunt in Aitkin county. He says that in the great swamp wilderness, on range 22 of that county, and about twenty miles west of Moose Lake, the wolves are so thick that it is hardly safe for a human being to travel the territory in daylight, and at night parties caught in the strip are compelled to light fires all round them to keep the timber wolves away."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Failing Game Supply.

COMOX, B. C., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been so much occupied by official duties of late years that I really have almost forgotten how to shoot the old rifle. I was up among the Islands of the Gulf a short time ago, but the weather had been so fearfully dry that hunting was paralyzed quite.

I got a couple of small deer, very poor. Grouse were scarce, and what with the dry weather, duties and being restricted to time I did not have any sport to speak of. Neither did I come across any live mastodons, which I notice Mr. Hallock claims still exist in Alaska. Would not mythadons be a better name for the beast?

I have read with great interest the efforts at game protection in the United States in FOREST AND STREAM. How important this is we can judge out here in the farthest if not the woolliest West. Here, where shooters are few indeed compared with the hordes of the effete East, game of all kinds is getting alarmingly scarce. Geese and ducks, in localities which a half dozen years ago fairly swarmed with them, are now exceedingly scarce and becoming scarcer every year.

The ruffed grouse a few years ago were as plentiful here as chicks in a barnyard. Lucky the man who gets six couple nowadays under the most favorable of circumstances and in the very best and least hunted ground. Deer of course still hold their own, having the great ranges of hills as reserves to draw from. Coons don't count. Cross ring-neck pheasants we introduced here some years ago are doing remarkably well. California Valley quail we tried, but they did not succeed.

I hope the foreign birds introduced in the United States, capercailzie, black game, etc., will succeed. It seems that our poor ruffed grouse are doomed. Let us hope that they may be replaced by some worthy species, though from a gastronomic point of view that is impossible.

W. B. A.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—Messrs. Walter L. Hill and James Bailey have gone on a duck shooting trip to the home of the Ragged Island Club in Old Virginia. They are the guests of Mr. Woodward, a prominent friend and member of the club, and several years its president.

E. M. Gillam and Frank W. Hallowell were out in the woods of Reading Friday forenoon after partridges. They had remarkably good success, securing four birds. They were back in Boston again by noon.

The Wayne H. North party, including Dr. Frederick Freeman, Bert Atkins and M. D. Cressey, is back in Boston after a successful big-game hunt in Maine. Their camp was at Big Fish Lake, Aroostook county. They secured seven deer and three caribou. Mr. North, who had the misfortune to badly strain the ligaments of his knee the first day he hunted, is very enthusiastic concerning the game in that section. He says that it is no trick at all to get deer, while the caribou are very plenty. They also located moose several times, but were prevented from securing them by snows coming in the night, followed by crusts. Mr. North's hunting trip was completely ruined by his accident. He could scarcely step at all, but would not permit of the party breaking up to get him out. He stayed the whole ten days in camp, with nothing to enjoy but the pain in his knee. It was all done by stepping over a log on to what looked like firm snow, but was in reality but the covering of one of those treacherous holes the hunter has to avoid. It is about three days from Boston to that favored hunting ground.

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Club gave a reception and dinner to Thomas A. Sullivan, their superintendent and general manager, who is in Boston on a visit. Mr. Geo. D Loud is secretary and treasurer. The club is popular, with its list of membership about full.

Dec. 26.—Mr. Walter L. Hill is back from his shooting trip to the home of the Ragged Island Club. He was accompanied by James A. Bailey, Jr., late Senator-elect. Mr. Hill was the guest of C. A. Woodward, formerly president of the club, and Mr. Bailey, though invited at the suggestion of Mr. Woodward, was taken in hand by Mr. Davis, the present president of the club. That the Boston gentlemen enjoyed the shoot thoroughly goes without saying. They got six or seven canvasbacks and other ducks without number. They shot four days in all. Wednesday is a closed day to all shooting—a "rest day" it is termed there—according to the laws of Virginia, and also Saturday and Sunday. This gives the birds time to rest. It seems that wild goose shooting is not considered quite up to the mark by the sportsmen of Currituck Sound, but the geese were remarkably plenty. Mr. Hill remarks that a boy was out in a boat just below them and in less than half a day he had twenty-one geese, loading the boat almost full. Mr. Bailey desired to shoot a goose or two and Mr. Davis fixed him out with decoys. In half a day he got seven geese. This he considers remarkable shooting for a Boston sportsman. Both gentlemen are greatly pleased with the shooting and the courtesies of the Ragged Island Club. President Cleveland was shooting not far below them a part of the time.

I hear a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed among sportsmen in this vicinity at the bare thought that the Maine Commissioners suggest, according to reports, the changing of the legal open season on deer to from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15. Such a law will leave no chance whatever for deer hunting on snow, since there rarely is any snow in that State before Nov. 15. Sportsmen say that if deer were scarce and on the decrease there would be good reason for such a law, but so long as the reverse is true there is no need of shutting off the last of November. Making the open season end with Dec. 1 would be far better and would seem to afford the deer ample protection. The opening of the last of September is looked upon as a very safe move, so far as the deer are concerned. So dense is the foliage all through September and well into October there is little chance of finding deer. Water hunting is forbidden in that State, and hence few deer would be taken in September, provided the laws are enforced.

Mr. J. S. Clarke, Jr., is back from Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. He is much pleased with that region, though not particularly successful in getting big game. Active measures are being taken to remove the dead trees from the shores of the lake there.

SPECIAL.

Effect of the Game Laws in Michigan.

A CORRESPONDENT in Detroit, Mich., says in a recent letter: "Partridge and quail shooting has been very good and the birds are on the increase, thanks to the good law that prohibits their sale. This law has been in force two years. I went north of Bay City the week after election and bagged sixty-eight partridges and thirty quail; and you must bear in mind that that is not a quail country. I have never seen quail in that section before. I had one dog, a young pointer, that had never worked on partridges before; but he did fairly well. I had a fine shoot, but being alone did not enjoy myself as well as if I had a good companion along with me."

Louisiana Quail.

OPELOUSAS, La., Dec. 6—The fields are alive with quail. Never before in the history of the country has there been such an abundance of them. The open season began on Nov. 1, but the cover was then too rank to permit of nice shooting. The cattle are now in most fields, and it is much more pleasant now to hunt. We are enjoying fine weather, mild and pleasant. Last week we were treated to severe freezes, the first of the season.

T. A. J.

LIVE DECOY GEESE AT SILVER LAKE.

TWELVE HOURS WITH GEESE.

I WROTE some time ago about a goose hunt at Silver Lake, but beside the one we have just taken the first was nothing. I have told you about Widgeon Point, and the persons who run it; but since then I have found there are others interested, namely, Cary, Keith and Potter, all good fellows, making a club hard to beat.

On the afternoon of Nov. 15 Charles and I went to the lake with our traps. On the way we met William, the crack shot, and were told by him that the boys had killed eighteen geese that morning. Our blood was up at once, for we had not forgotten the last hunt. As we went into the stand we were met by our shorty friend Addison; he looks the same as when we saw him last fall; same pleasant smile and hearty grasp of the hand, and always ready for geese. Oliver and Old Sleuth were there, but rather under the weather. Millard will sit and sleep with eye-glasses on his nose and they never drop. You can't tell whether he is asleep or not, and it makes little difference, for at any time it takes only a word and he is wide awake and ready for business. Herb and George are in the stand. After greeting them and unpacking our guns, we hear George say, "Boys, we will get some geese now, Fred and Charles have come." Little did he think how true this would be.

We got fixed after a while; looked the decoys over, about two hundred of them; paid our respects to old One Wing, Scituate, Johnson and the rest, and then found that our friend Thomas had just arrived and was getting into his shooting togs. Thomas is the same fat, jolly fellow, and everyone who knows him unites in saying he is all right. He thought I was a little hard on him in my last yarn, when I told of his infirmities. He still says I am the only one who ever accused him of snoring.

After supper we stood in the stand, when from out the sky came the faint long honk of geese. There they are, and George stirs up the decoys. Old One Wing hears the call and straightens out for work. Soon the whole point is in one grand roar. The wild geese swing over us and we can just make out the line of black rushing through the air. They wheel out over the lake, honk a few times and we hear them no more. In a little while, as we look up the lake, we see a flash, then three or four, and then come the reports of the guns. They have shot at a stand on the east side of the lake, and now the air is full of geese. We try to stop some of them, but it is of no use, so this ends the fun for the present.

It is now about 12 o'clock. Add, Tom, Herb and I are in the stand. George has turned in, having been up two nights. There is a light ripple on the water. The moon shines brightly and we are saying that it is an ideal night for birds, when Herb says: "What is that just inside the block?" Tom looks with glasses and says "Ducks, about fifteen." They come nearer and are almost near enough to shoot when there comes *honk, honk, honk* right over us. There are fourteen geese with wings crooked scaling to our decoys. Have you ever seen them? and didn't your blood tingle? Something startles them and they whirl to the north, going toward the place where the other shot was fired. "Our chance is gone," said Tom, "and I am going to turn in."

As the boys had been up nearly all of two nights, I offered to stand watch to-night. As I stood there looking at the water it came to me why this place was called Silver Lake. The moon shining on the water, which was stirred to a little ripple by the breeze, made it seem like a lake of silver, and I thought it well named. The geese decoys had settled for the night, with only now and then the low growl of an old gander, which would be quickly answered by one of his goslings on the hill. The faint hoot of an owl comes to me from the eastern side of the lake, while from the southern end I hear the quick *quack, quack* of some ducks which have just lit. Then the soft call of the decoys at the new stand comes to me from afar off and startles me from my dreams, causing me to stir up the decoys and almost sending me in to wake the boys before I knew what it was. As I get over my excitement and find that my heart is not in my mouth, I hear the boom of a volley of guns at Oldham Pond, then in a short time another, and right upon it three reports from the new stand. I go into the air about a foot, and see Oliver, and Herb close at his heels, bare-headed and hair standing on end, although it would be hard work to make Oliver's hair stand on end. "Great Scott! Have the British landed?" from Oliver, while Herb is saying, "What's the matter, Fred; are you trying to blow us up?" I explain matters, and as it is after 3 we decide to turn in and let the lake take care of itself. Nothing thus far. But our time is coming.

In the morning about 8 o'clock, after Thomas and Millard had gone home, George said, "I am looking for a large flock of geese to-day." He had gone to feed the decoys, when Gene said, "There are geese." We pressed the button, and in a minute all were in the stand. "There they are," said George, "I never saw so large a flock before. As they came out over the lake the new stand let out their flyers, then Gunner's Point let theirs go; and when George and Herb pulled on them, the way those goslings went from the hill was a caution. The wild ones see the flyers and hang, then crook, and then scale toward the water. They head into the wind, then wheel and come up in the wind, then settle into the lake, and there they are. "Four acres of them," says George. I shall never forget how those geese looked coming in. Talk about pictures, it was the prettiest one I ever saw. Such a large flock of wild ones, with about 300 decoys flying around the three stands, was enough to open any sportsman's eyes. The gunners at Gunner's Point break about a dozen from the bunch, but do not shoot at them; the rest come toward us. George says, "They can't help it." We get fifty near enough to shoot; then another flock of twenty came, and eight lit with our decoys. Charles and I were going to attend to these, but they swam away before George could get the rest as he wanted them. We rushed up beside Add and George, and as George said, "Get on to them," we rose up over the stand. Geese everywhere, where shall I shoot? I see four together, with some more in range. I hold on the four. "Are you ready? Fire!" What a roar from the guns, and also from the wild geese and decoys. Twenty-seven dead and wounded geese. We are not to shoot flying, but William from force of habit shoots and says he knocked his goose. Well, the world was full of them and some must have flown into it. They circle around the lake and light everywhere. Ten come with our decoys. We "get on to them" and kill nine. In a few minutes six light with the decoys at the north end. We go up there and kill them all. Now they shoot at the new stand, then at Gunner's Point, and about a hundred light in the lake in front of us. We get out the boat and pick up the game, then hustle after the flyers. As we are driving them in we see one among them looking rather wild. "Close in on them, boys, that is a wild one," says George. It proves as he says and we have driven in a wild one. He will make a decoy another season. After we got the flyers in I hear Add say, "Here comes a single goose; nail him, Fred." I grab a gun, shoot twice and the goose flew on. "Razzle-dazzle," Add is saying; "you are a pretty shot; I think you had better take a few lessons from Bill." When we got cleared up after the shooting we took account of stock and found we had thirty-eight.

I hear some one saying "Well, well; good boy," and Thomas is beside me. We had wired him the news and he could not stay at home; but what a shame he could not have been in it. It is a cold day, however, when his luck goes back on him and it was not going to play him false to-day.

After dinner we try for the flock, which is in the lake in front of us. Tom sees a flock of seven coming; they light with the others. After a time thirty-six start to come on; they get almost near enough to shoot when they turn and swim away as fast as they can. What's the matter? We are no longer in doubt, for a man comes into the stand, having walked around the shore. He must have had an idea he was goose hunting in the Frog Pond on Boston Common.

Soon we see another large flock coming, fully as large as the first. They come over and we throw on them; it does the business, and they light. I would like to know how many geese there are in the lake now. We drew about sixty, but could get only twenty-two together. Thomas gave the word, George not being there. We killed twenty-one. George came into the stand just as we fired, and we had the laugh on him. By this time it was dark. Geese were honking all over the lake. We drew on six and killed them all. I would rather not say anything about the next shot, but perhaps it will be as well to give the bitter with the sweet. There must be some hitch, and here it was: Eleven geese near enough; all hands in the stand, and as George said "Get ready" some one shot. We all fired at the break of the gun, but only got three. George was mad, and the way he talked left no doubt in any mind what his opinion was of the man who shot. Put yourself in our place and see how you would feel. It was too bad, but could not be helped.

We find that we have made a record for the stand, sixty-eight geese in twelve hours being the most ever killed in the same time at any stand at the lake. One amusing incident at one shot was of a young fellow who had never shot from a stand before. He was standing beside his father when the word was given. After the shot he said, "I fixed one on the wing, Dad, I saw him drop."

He did not think that five or six guns were shot on the wing and perhaps they were fired at the same bird that he saw drop. His chance was as good as the rest, but it made his "dad" smile.

Charles and I picked up our traps and very reluctantly went home. If we had not been obliged to go it would have taken a yoke of cattle to have drawn us. Millard went to the stable with us, and as we harnessed we heard a nice flock strike into the lake. We told Millard to go back, and as we drove away we would stop and listen for the volley, which we knew would come sooner or later. We had the pleasure of witnessing two sights that day that the oldest gunner in the crowd said he had never seen before and probably would never see again. Two such large flocks of geese coming into the pond. I would have liked everyone who enjoys a trip with dog and gun to see this sight, as we saw it. It was certainly a picture and it will be in our minds for many a day.

The boys say that we brought them good luck, and we say "Hurrah for Widgeon Point and the boys who run it." Does Thomas ever get left? We guess not. May we all live to have another day together is the wish of

F. E. WOODWARD.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 12 Mr. G. S. Ellis, of Maine, does me the honor of bestowing some kind words on my paper devoted to the ruffed grouse, taking exception, however, to my statement that that bird seeks its habitat apart from the abode of man. Mr. Ellis cites his experience in Oxford and Cumberland counties, of Maine, wherein he found many birds on the skirts of the woods near farmhouses. I feel quite sure that had Mr. Ellis noted carefully all the pertinent local circumstances he would have found local conditions which forced the birds near the haunts of man in those counties; that is to say, their food supply was in those places wherein the birds were found.

A forest may be both dense and secluded, yet if it contains insufficient food it is not an available habitat for the birds. In my experience, which covered many a day in pursuit of the ruffed grouse from dawn till dark, when I found them near dwellings they were in such cover as gave them a ready refuge and a certainty of protection, it always being the best cover in the vicinity available for that purpose, the abode of man near by being but an incident irrelevant to the bird's existence. In such sections as have is a dearth of food and cover, or where the competition for food and cover is great owing to the numbers of birds, they must make the best of what is available, and some birds must necessarily be forced to content themselves with the less desirable places. If their food is not in such places as they fancy, they must compromise by going to the best places where it and a certain security may be found. And each bird may venture into the open betimes, though rarely far from cover.

Pellets, in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 19, also differs from me on this point, though there is such a serio-comic tone in his objection that it is difficult to determine whether it is really an objection or the relation of a rare incident. The single circumstance of finding three birds at the edge of an opening near some cottages could hardly be advanced as proof that such was a habit common to the species. Once in North Carolina, while shooting with Mr. S. T. Hammond, a charming companion and a skillful shot, we found a bevy of quail in an abandoned log barn, yet that one circumstance would not warrant a conclusion that all quail sought and used barns as a part of their habitat.

In severe winters, when the snow covers their food, birds are forced to approach the dwellings of man, that they may glean such food as is accessible. Cause and effect then being so apparent, there is no difficulty in readily understanding them, but the intermediate stages of green fields and forests and yet a dearth of bird food are not so readily understood by the superficial observer.

But if either one of my critics will consider the difficulties of writing a monograph on this subject, abounding as it does in such an infinity of detail, they will find, if they confine their writings to a certain amount of space, that only the traits common to the species can be considered; to note the individual exceptions would make a task as endless as it would be unprofitable to writer or reader.

B. WATERS

Proposed League of New York Counties.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading the Christmas number of your valuable paper and can find but just one fault with it: I very much miss your motto, "Stop the sale of game." I doubt not that there is not another thing that is so earnestly desired by so great a number, and has so little said in its favor, as this one thing. Among the shooters of my acquaintance the ratio is at least ten to one in favor of prohibiting the sale of game. Those of the minority are a class of men who, as a rule, would be on the wrong side of most any question, and not one of them go shooting for the sport derived.

I have just finished what I consider a very

conservative estimate of the number of ruffed grouse killed in this county alone during the present season. I calculate that at least 10,000 have been killed. When I see sure extermination going on at this rapid rate it makes me feel as if I must try and help do something to put a stop to it. As I have remarked, it is not a lack of numbers of those desiring further protection, but rather a united, concerted action. We see public-spirited individuals and associations expending money and time liberally to introduce and acclimate some foreign game bird, which is very commendable, but let us suppose that all should bend their energies toward protecting one already acclimated. Give him enough close season in which to get his growth and strength of wing; remove the 25-cent bounty from his proud, defiant head, and we shall always have him with us, the king of them all. New York is a very large State, and the interest taken in some particular kind of game varies much in different sections. With us ruffed grouse shooting is our chief sport. Very naturally we wish to see him protected. What we would like to see would be a law to make the open season Oct. 10 to Dec. 15, and to prohibit the sale. Our present plan is to get some of the adjoining counties, whose interests are identical with ours, and form a five-county league (or whatever the number of counties may be). We feel that we can accomplish more this way than any other. To this end I would be pleased to hear from all sportsmen in adjoining counties who take enough interest in protection to write me that I may be able to submit plans to them looking toward the formation of county league. We recognize FOREST AND STREAM as our only medium and earnest ally in this work. H. W. BROWN.

Maine's Indian Guides.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a copy of FOREST AND STREAM published some time about Nov. 1 I noticed an article by Mr. A. L. Turner describing how he got even with his Indian guide. The tone of the article reflects on Indians in general, and has caused a great deal of indignation among not only the Indians, but among the people in general in the Penobscot country. It is a gross injustice to the Indians to publish such an article, and I hope you will publish this to show the true facts.

I spent two weeks among the Indians at Debsconeag deadwater this fall. My guide was Joe Francis, the best guide and keenest hunter I know of. He would see more game, and give the sportsman more opportunities in a given time than any guide I ever knew.

During my first week out I shot at no less than six or seven deer, missing every one. I then discovered that the sights on my gun were wrong. On Monday of the second week I killed a spike buck; on Tuesday, a beautiful buck deer with fine head; and on Wednesday by 8 o'clock in the morning I had killed a caribou weighing some 400 or 500lbs. The weather was not favorable to moose hunting, so we only hunted one day.

On my return I had the thrilling experience of traveling eleven miles over ice so thin that constant care was necessary to avoid going through. Air holes on every side were a constant reminder of the danger, and no man in the party felt willing to release his hold on the canoe, which was carried on a hand sled.

The uniform kindness and courtesy of the Indians, their untiring efforts to please, and the conscience displayed in their work and charges command my highest respect, and I condemn the man who would maliciously disparage them. E. A. C. BECKER.

[This being Christmas week, and a proper time for promoting good feeling, we cheerfully explain that we never for a moment thought of the article complained of as casting general reflections upon the Indians of Maine, and we regret that it should have been so interpreted by the people of the Penobscot. We know Joe Francis; and if all the others are like him we cannot imagine that anybody would wish maliciously to disparage them.]

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club will be held at the Metropolitan Club in this city on Saturday, Jan 16, at 6:30 P. M., and will be followed by a dinner.

The business of the meeting will be the election of a president to succeed the late Gen. Bristow, election of officers and committees for the coming year, and the consideration of measures for the more effective protection of big game in certain parts of the country where it is most seriously threatened.

This meeting will inaugurate a new plan which it is intended to carry further in the future, and which is likely to result in making the meeting still more attractive as well as more significant of the purposes and interests of the club.

Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey, will be the guest of the club at this dinner and will read a paper, to be illustrated by stereopticon pictures, upon his recent explorations, made for the Dominion Government, in the interior of the Labrador Peninsula. Mr. Low's explorations, one of which occupied two years, are the first ever undertaken in a region which until then was unknown. His paper deals with those portions of the peninsula which are of most interest to sportsmen.

Connecticut Game Birds.

HAMDEN, Conn., Dec. 14.—Birds and other game have been more plentiful this year than for a number of years, and some excellent bags have been made. The Mongolian pheasants, however, which were introduced in this vicinity during the past three years and which seemed to be doing so well last summer, appear to have been exterminated. Whether they were killed by shooters before the law was off, or by other enemies, it is hard to say. It is to be regretted that the efforts of such public-spirited sportsmen as J. B. Robinson and others, who have unselfishly given both time and money in order to introduce this bird here, have been crowned with such discouraging success. It is said that Mr. Robinson alone has spent more than $500 in an attempt to make the introduction of this bird successful.

While snaring has nearly become extinct in this immediate neighborhood, still another lawbreaker is very much in evidence; I refer to the Sunday shooter. I have had it from very reliable authority that these Sunday shooters, some of them at least, are loud howlers for the observance of the game laws and against the snarers through the week, but that when Sunday comes they quietly slink with dogs and guns into the woods and break the laws themselves. There is one thing certain, anyhow, and that is some one is breaking the law regularly, as the reports of guns can be heard in the woods every Sunday. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Ducking Air-Ship.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the heated debates on the proper caliber of a rifle for big game, I suggested a contrivance for the rapid extermination of it (the game, not the debate). I have waited patiently to hear from somebody who wants such a thing, and now I have given up all hope of ever hearing from anybody. Why don't Deerslayer apply for one? It would be much surer than a shotgun.

Now that the duck-shooting season is at its height, I thought it would not be out of place for me to offer to the

sporting public the latest improvement in that line. The inclosed sketch speaks for itself. It has several advantages over the sunken barrel, hole in the mud or iceway, viz: No cold or wet feet; no danger of tide rising and you having to swim for shore; no decoys. If the birds feel indisposed to come to you, why, all you have got to do is to go to them.

Now, there is a great field for improvement even in this method. Take, for instance, a suitable net or something else to catch the killed birds in. We have often heard of showers of toads, but unless some inventive genius contrives some way of catching the birds after they're shot, showers of ducks will not be an uncommon occurrence in the future. THE SLAUGHTERER.

How to Keep your Clothes Dry in a Shower.

BY the by, some of your readers may like to know how the Indians manage to keep their clothing dry in a heavy shower. A good many years ago, when southwestern Michigan was a newer country than at present, a friend of Antler's went out there to look for a home. He "met up" with four or five more men on the same business, and together they tramped across a large prairie. A heavy shower came up, and they "pulled foot" for the timber, but when they reached it were thoroughly drenched. They halted, built a large fire and stood around it to dry their steaming clothes, when they saw approaching a small party of Indians, whom they had passed at speed on the prairie. It was a conspicuous fact, and one not to be forgotten, that every Indian was at that time attired simply in his native modesty (which with an Indian is generally an unknown quantity), and further, that each sat upon a tightly rolled bundle of clothing, thus protecting it in a great measure from the pouring rain. When they passed the whites, the shower had passed, and they were once more duly attired in dry clothing.

The whites, after some hours passed in attempting to dry their duds, moved on, saying among themselves that after all there was something to be learned from an Indian. KELPIE.

"Fezzunts" and their Ways.

OIL CITY, Pa., Dec. 22.—I extracted so much pleasure and comfort from reading Mr. Waters's able article on the ways of ruffed grouse that I feel like trying to add my little mite to the literature that treats of the noblest game bird that flies. With that idea in view I have clipped the following from the Oil City, Pa., *Blizzard*, being an essay on "fezzunts" from the pen of a small boy:

"i don't no much about fezzunts only what i hav hurd my pa tel. he hunts after them rite along but I never see eny of them only what hangs in frunt of the mete shop pa sez the fezzunt is quite taim when trout is in seezun but thay keep gettin' smarter rite along til fall and then thay are to smart to shoot. Thay must be offul cute. Pa says thay will preten not to see him and get behin a tree an pa wil shoot whare he thot thay wuz. Sumtimes he cums home reel mad. He sez if he only had a good settur dog he could hav plenty of fezzunts to eat for the mete is very wite and nice only i never had eny. Sumtimes pa blaims it on the kind of shott and powdur in his gun and then ma laffs wen pa is gone. She says pa used to talk that way befour i was borned; i think i will buy him a fezzunt for crismus from the mete shop; i know that wil make ma laff too."

A GOOD SHOT.

Mrs. Younghub: "Oh, Ferdy! I have such a surprise for you?"

Younghub: "You have, love?"

Mrs. Younghub: "Yes, dear. See this sweet little dog I bought for us—only $20, and the dog-seller warranted him to be a pure mongrel!"—*Puck.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXVII.—Kenneth King.

THOSE who have followed these sketches may recall meeting "Ken" King in the story of Capt. Stephen Martin, three months back. In the spring of 1860 King was a man past middle life, broad of shoulder and built like an athlete. He was an Englishman of the genial, companionable kind that love dogs and gun, keep road houses just out of town where the bar is hung with guns, fishing rods and trophies of the hunt, while the talk is mostly on dogs, a good bit o' snipe ground or the prospect of a change of wind that would start the ducks up the river. When you see his full ruddy face, with its closely-cropped beard, and note that he always wears a suit of brown corduroy which has charged through many an abbatis of brush and *chevaux de frise* of briers that have left their scars, you know the man thoroughly.

It was the first mild day in spring after the ice had left the Hudson that I walked down the Bethlehem road which leads from Albany along the river and dropped into his inn, for there were inns and taverns then and every country house with a bar and a bed was not a "hotel."

"Hello, Ken," said I, "how are you? Haven't seen you in some time."

He took the proffered hand while about a dozen pointers of different ages took a sniff of the stranger's legs. "Good morning!" he said, and then to another man in corduroy: "You use the whip too much on that dog, 'e's lost confidence in you an' in 'imself. Let up on the whip; I know un an' 'e's a good un, but none o' his breed 'll bear much whip."

The man went out and King turned to me and remarked: "It's a nice morning."

"You don't seem to know me, Ken," and I mentioned my name.

He put one hand on the bar and lightly vaulted over. "'Eavens! Lad, is it thee come back, an' so pale an' sick-lookin'; I'd never 'a' knowed thee. Aye! I remember well the day when I sold ye that pointer puppy Nell, that you spoiled in the breaking; but Mr. Raymond has some grand dogs from 'er; why not? Ther's no better pointers in America than her stock. Here, Click, Sally, Wade, Jim, come 'ere, you rascals. Look at that lot; feel o' their ears; ever feel silk softer 'n that? Look a' them strong legs, straight backs, an' then gaze at the heads Ever see anything like it in the West? No; I'll answer fur ye, ye didn't."

After I had sufficiently admired the really fine animals Ken asked: "But what's a matter o' ye? Ye aint a bit like yer old self. Yer pale an' peaked an' thin; never 'd 'a' knowed ye in the world."

After I had explained that living for some years among decaying prairie sod had resulted in a form of ague that had pulled me down, he said:

"What ye want is to keep out of doors. Come an' live wi' me an' shoot an' fish for a month and stop taking medicine and you'll be all right. I'm goin' down to the mouth of the Normanskill in the morning to spin for pike or perch an' I'll give ye a bed here if ye'll go. I want to talk over old times. What d' ye say?"

I arranged to go back for my tackle, and as I didn't care to spend the evening at the inn, I turned up about 11 P. M. and went to bed. The morning was foggy, and as the current took us down the river we talked of the old-time pigeon shoots at the Abbey and out at the Bull's Head, where the West Albany reservoir now stands. He asked: "Do ye remember the day at the Bull's Head when Lige Simmons killed twenty-five birds straight and was tied by Hank Webb? Well, that was a large day, an' when they shot off the tie ye remember that Hank won by a bird? Well, I'll tell ye: I loaded for Hank an' put a leather wad, with a hole in the middle, over the shot, an' the scatter fetched 'em ev'ry time. Lige missed on his fifth bird an' Webb killed.*

"Lige got a hint of this before he left the grounds and asked about it. I showed 'im the wads an' he laughed an' said: 'I'll have to get some o' these for trap shooting.' Bring the boat inshore here at the mouth of the creek."

Pulling up the creek until we found its current strong enough to spin a minnow, we tied up to the limbs of an overhanging willow and used a primitive gang of hooks, "a flight," Ken called it, consisting of a lip hook fastened to the gimp shell a couple of inches above the larger hook, which was inserted in the tail of the bait so as to bend the latter and make it spin in the current. Our rods were plain ash and lancewood, stiff, as bait rods should be; and here for the first time I used a reel, a poor, cheap one, but still a reel. The most common fish in the upper Hudson in those days was the yellow perch and they were always plenty. We took a score of perch before I had a good strike, and under Ken's advice let the fish run until he stopped and the word was given to strike him, and I reeled in a pickerel of about 4lbs. This was a new form of fishing to me, and a little higher kind than any of the methods of boyhood.

We had our guns, a thing which to-day I dislike to have on a fishing trip, on the principle that made the old darky throw a big perch overboard, saying, "W'en I goes a-cattin' I goes a-cattin', an' I leaves dese yer' fellows till I wants 'em." But Ken King was primarily a gunner and only incidentally an angler. I was watching the current alternately bring the spinning minnow to the surface and then take it below, while speculating if the swivels were working properly so as to avoid twisting kinks in the line or unlaying it, when a kingfisher suddenly came upon us and gave its whirring alarm, and at the same instant Ken shot without warning. I wondered why he shot at the kingfisher; the bird went on unharmed, while I looked at the old man, whose back was toward me, and no game in sight. "Cast off, quick!" he said, and in a minute I was at the oars, pulling as he directed. His gun spoke again, and he picked up a fine mallard which had

*I know nothing of using this sort of wad on top of shot. Never heard of it before nor since, and give it as 'twas told to me over thirty-five years ago. It was not necessary to put a card wad over the leather because in those days a man could go to the score with the muzzle up. I have killed many a squirrel with no wad over the shot when he was above and time was short. Old Albanians will remember Elijah Simmons as one of the greatest horsemen of his day in the State, and also Hank Webb as the most formidable rough-and-tumble fighter of Albany's volunteer fire department when fighting was the most important qualification of a fireman.

dropped at the first shot, and which I now saw for the first time.

The fog thickened after we had gone back and fished until time came to eat, for our very light breakfast needed reinforcement early; few men not accustomed to using before daylight can eat much at that unseemly hour. As we finished eating the fog was so thick that a man couldn't see over 50ft.; but we could hear the ducks near the mouth of Normanskill, some distance below, and even the whistle of their wings and splashings in the water, as well as the loud greetings to the newcomers. 'Cast her off again," said Ken; "this is too much to stand. I never could waste my time fishing when such a lot of ducks as that are calling out for some un to come and shoot 'em. You won't get such a day for ducks in a month o' Sundays. Steady now; don't make more noise than you can help. Stop here on the point and make fast to that bush."

Ducks on the wing could not see us until within good distance, and we banged away for an hour with our muzzle-loaders; and then a south wind rolled up the fog, and we started to pick up the game. A bed of eel grass prevented the dead from being carried down the river, and also hid some cripples, a few of which we got. We had about twenty ducks, mainly mallards and black ducks, with an odd whistler, bluebill or teal, and a half bushel of perch and a few pickerel. It was one of those days that a fellow runs into by accident when all the conditions are favorable for a big day's sport, and which he couldn't repeat in a whole season. Every sportsman knows how this is, and also knows that if he wishes to give a friend a good day's sport and promises it to him it is sure to be a blank day on his favorite ground, which never before failed him. And then how mean you feel! I can imagine a veteran sportsman reading this, and with a "that's so" go off into a remembrance of the chagrin he felt when he invited a friend to join him on "the best bit of woodcock ground in the State, and but few know of it." A blank day for himself would be nothing; he is troubled by what his friend may think of the disappointment, and his friend realizes this state of his host's mind and grieves for him. The suffering is mutual, that is if the persons are men of fine sensibilities; other people have no such sorrows, nor have they the keen pleasure of seeing a friend have a grand day—but this is not what I was going to say, and I've gone off moralizing instead of telling you about the fish and the ducks.

At the inn we received a grand welcome from the whole kennel, some of which had felt hurt at not being invited to go when they saw us take guns; but we were forgiven for that, and they tried to divine where we had traveled by the odor of our boots and trousers, and the pile of ducks was sniffed at in order to determine the species, just as a scientific fellow would count primaries and measure tarsi. Then their heads were rested on our knees, and great, intelligent eyes would look reproachfully at us because they had been left behind; and at the same time a number of waving tails assured us of a welcome home, and a forgiveness for all neglect. A man who does not love some dog must be incapable of appreciating the truest friendship that exists on this earth. In sickness or in health, in the depths of poverty and misery the most faithful friend of man sticks to him when all others have left him. I said "some dog," for there are dogs that are not lovable: mongrels, snappish curs, and ladies' lap-dogs. But the dogs of the sportsman, setters, pointers and terriers, are intelligent companions who know more than some entire families. I except hounds from this category, for they have been bred to be of service in the hunt, but not companions of man.

Shakespeare, who knew more of all things than any other man who ever lived, always excepting Ignatius Donnelly, realized that dogs were no more to be classed alike than men are, for Macbeth says to the professional murderers:

> "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
> As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are 'cleped
> All by the name of dogs; the valued file
> Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtile;
> The housekeeper, the hunter, ev'ry one,
> According to the gift which bounteous nature
> Hath in him clos'd, whereby he doth receive
> Particular addition from the quill
> That writes them all alike; and so of men."

Life was assuming a new aspect; hitherto it had been "one grand, sweet song." True, there had been a few minor discomforts and discords which were forgotten in a week and only remembered to be laughed at, but to be a semi-invalid for over six months caused some serious thoughts. Before the trip West "ague" was merely a word without meaning, like many medical terms, but on acquaintance with people who had it, or said they had it, it seemed only a synonym for laziness. The shake and the fever were indulged in behind closed doors, and a poor, spiritless creature devoid of ambition was all that was visible, and these had mostly been a lot of long-legged, sallow specimens that fed on bacon and hot saleratus bread. "No, sir!" said one from the swamps, "I never was poor enough to eat cold bread; we allers have it hot and yaller as a gold ring." A man from Posey county, Ind., saw me eating a muskmelon in Kansas and remarked: "I kin eat one o' them things and set in the sun an' git up a shake any time." But I thought there was better sand in my gizzard; yet here I was.

King sent up for me to come and shoot snipe over some of his dogs; somehow the invitation did not awaken any of the old-time enthusiasm, but there was an awakening when we met in the evening. The chill and the fever had given my liver a song and dance that morning, and to-morrow would be a "well day" as far as they were concerned, but there would be that lethargy which had seemed to be merely laziness in the saleratus-eating men. On entering the inn in the evening every dog wagged recognition as to an old friend, although they had met me but once. Ken had his opinion of doctors, and after retiring he brought up a little pitcher of some decoction that was hot, sweet and strong, and not only prescribed it, but in order to prove its good qualities actually drank a whole tumbler himself.

The morning was young when we left the inn with Click and Sally, two handsome, well-broken liver and white pointers, whose eagerness required frequent words of caution. A bit of springy ground between the river and the road, near the Abbey, was to be looked after first. Ken warned the dogs to go slow, for they were too fresh and eager, and liable to run in and flush any birds which were lying close after hearing our voices. The dogs quartered the ground beautifully, and after ranging to the left turned at the signal; and then Sally suddenly became a statue, and Click backed her point. Being on the left of King, I flushed the bird. The first barrel sent its messengers behind the bird, but the second brought it to grass; the dogs dropped to shot, for they were not retrievers, and they were sent on toward King, while I sought the bird and wet both feet before it was picked up. By this time King bagged a bird off to the right, and we took four out of that bit of bog. The working of the dogs, the rapid beating of the heart as a snipe rose and cried *scaipe! scaipe!* but didn't 'scape, was of more benefit to an ague-burdened man than a feast of quinine. It was sundown when we reached the inn with a goodly bag of snipe, and as we parted Ken said: "It's done thee good, lad, ther's a color in yer face that shows it. When ye want another day with the snipe or with birds let me know."

In the fall came a desire for a day with woodcock, and King said: "Wait until the first good frost and there'll be a flight from the North." So after a few light frosts, when the moon was near the full, the evening was clear and cold, and gave promise of a hard frost before morning and a good day for "birds." "Just in time," said King, as I dropped in on him, "there'll be a hard frost to-night and a good prospect of finding birds plenty in the morning." He introduced me to a gentleman from Virginia who would accompany us on the morrow. The name is hopelessly lost, but he was a slender man of about forty-five years, rather reserved and dignified, and with one stiff knee, which, from something he said afterward, might have been a relic of the Mexican war. He had a fine fowling piece, a Joe Manton, which had been altered from flint to percussion locks. His family was at Saratoga, and he was on a visit to Albany to see the famous kennel of pointers owned by Ken King.

We were afoot early and on nearing the first bit of bog heard a shot. "No use," said King, "some fellow is ahead of us," and we went on. A single wild pigeon crossed the road and the Virginian dropped it at a surprising distance. "A good shot that," said Ken, "an' a good gun. I shouldn't wonder if I traded you some good dogs for it before you leave; I have several good guns, an' two of 'em are Manton's, but there's room in the racks for more."

Our friend looked up and said: "If you get it I should wonder, sir! That gun was a present to my father, sir, and he gave it to me. My father was a good wing shot when but few men in Virginia thought of shooting at a flying bird, and the old gun may rust out, but it will not be sold or traded. There must be birds back there in that marsh, that man has shot several times, sir."

We entered a bit of marsh well filled with brush, swamp alders and the like, but not very wet now. The dogs were eager and at first disposed to range widely, but continued caution from their master corrected this. The Virginian was in the middle, and as King managed the dogs we were necessarily close together. I had wondered why the old dogs, Click and Sally, had not been taken on this trip instead of the puppies Spank and Trot. King let his friend flush and kill every bird that the dogs found on his side, while I took a share of the others. And so it went until the sun was long past meridian and we turned homeward. King had not killed a bird. He had made those puppies back each other's points, drop to shot and come to heel when there seemed no necessity for the latter order. And it was a mystery.

At the inn it was all plain. I had been interested only in the sport, while King was displaying the perfect working of his young stock for commercial purposes. We counted out of our game bags twelve brace of woodcock and an odd snipe or two. I said "game bags." The sportsman of to-day has probably never seen one. They were elegant and expensive but—must I confess it? a nuisance. A big leather bag for lunch, wads or other necessaries slung over the shoulder, and outside of the bag was a net for carrying the game so that it might be seen of men. Perhaps this last part of its construction was what put it out of fashion; suppose there was no game? Certain it is that the old-fashioned sportsman was more picturesque with his powder flask, shot pouch and game bag than the modern one with his cartridge belt and shooting coat with its capacious pockets; just as the old 74-gun frigate under full sail was more beautiful than the iron-clad fighting machines which to-day make the great navies of the world.

But—and please emphasize this "but"—the iron-clad has taken all the poetry out of a sea-fight. Call up Perry, Paul Jones, Farragut or Nelson and ask them their opinions of the iron pots worked by steam; but those old sea-dogs are not at hand to give opinions on warships, and but few of the older sportsmen are living who shot in the days of Wade Hampton, Herbert, Col. Skinner and the older American sportsmen; that class who by precept and example elevated field sports above market shooting. They came at the right time and had their influence on reading men. Their work will not be complete until all men who shoot or fish are reading men and learn that the destruction of life in great numbers is not the highest form of sport.

Quite a number of pointers went to Virginia that fall, and for years I had the beautiful embossed game bag which the stranger presented to me and wish it was hanging on the wall with other relics, but it disappeared and is among the unaccountables.

In 1865, on returning to Albany after another absence of several years. I naturally drifted down to the old inn; but the faces there were all new and to a question a man replied: "O, yes! Ken King; I knowed 'im well; 'e used to shoot a great deal an' 'ad a lot o' dogs. 'E's been dead a couple o' year and the widow went back to England."

Among his sayings that are remembered is the remark he made after our last trip. Said he: "That man who was shooting in that first bog as soon as it was light enough to see was an old fellow from across the river who shoots snipe and birds without a dog, an' 'e knowed ther' 'd be a flight o' birds that night as well as the birds knew it. His name is Port Tyler, an' 'e traps mink and muskrats along the river in winter, but when it comes to the shootin' season I wish 'e'd stop on his own side of the river; confound 'im, 'e's always out afore anyone else. Did you ever meet him?"

"Yes," said I, "often; I know him quite well."

"Then you tell 'im that I'll give 'im the choice of that new litter if 'e'll stop on 'is own side of the river w'en the birds are in season."

FRED MATHER.

* "Birds" in his vocabulary meant only that king of all game birds, the woodcock.

NEW JERSEY POUND NETS.

[From the forthcoming report of the Commissioners of Fishery and Game.]

POUND NETS.—It would be difficult indeed, in the opinion of your Commission, to suggest any measure which would prove more conducive to the fishing interests of the State, and to the general welfare of all persons residing near the coast, than an act regulating the taking of fish by means of pound nets. New Jersey is one of the few States which permits individual and corporate greed to slaughter thousands of fish annually with but a slight return therefor to the general public. The highest court of the United States has decided that the fish within three miles of the coast line are the property of the State, and that the State has a right to regulate their taking. Enactments have been on our statute books for nearly a century regulating the taking of shad and of other fish coming to our shores and into our rivers; for a similar period have Legislatures recognized the necessity of taking care of our game to prevent its extermination; but nevertheless, in these days when fishculture and game protection have been brought to a state approaching perfection, the most destructive and most pernicious system of slaughtering fish is permitted to go on without let or hindrance. All the devices which modern ingenuity can contrive are adapted to the taking of fish from the sea, not solely for the purpose of supplying food, but in order to accumulate wealth from the manufacture of compost. Every interest in the State has bent to the will of the people, and has admitted the propriety of government by the Legislature, with the single exception of the monopoly which has strung unsightly pound nets along our coast by the scores. The paid agents of this trust have appeared year after year in the halls of legislation for the purpose of frustrating any plans tending to restrictive legislation. No one denies the propriety of levying tribute upon the sea for the purpose of supplying food to the human family, and with proper restrictions there will be food there for centuries to come. But the pound net trust is not satisfied with a fair return, but insists on taking everything possible in as short a time as possible. Their nets have been erected in close proximity to inlets from the ocean, which are ascended every spawning season by thousands of fish for the purpose of propagating their kind; the female, distended with spawn, and the fingerling, wending its way seaward for the first time in its existence, all fall an easy prey to the rapacity of the pound net. It requires no skill in fishculture to foretell what the result will be, for be the larder of nature ever so great it cannot stand any such drain. Your Commission does not advocate prohibitory measures, but we do most strenuously urge the passage of some law by which the heritage left us by our forefathers will be preserved for our descendants. It is not a question of New Jersey alone; it is a question vitally affecting the food fish supply of the entire country.

But New Jersey has other interests at stake besides those of a food supply for its inhabitants. The sands along our coast have become favorite abiding places during the heated months for thousands of strangers and the seaside resorts are increasing in population every year. The revenue to residents of New Jersey from this source is inestimable and none would be so foolhardy as to deny that it is worth preserving. But the cool winds and the foaming breakers do not alone constitute the attractions which bring to our shores annually thousands from other States. A large proportion of these are attracted by the fresh fish and by the sport of angling. The pound net trust has destroyed both after having first deprived hundreds of our residents of a means of obtaining a livelihood. In former years our hardy fishermen depended upon the sea for a never-failing means of subsistence, and the hotels and residents along the coast depended upon these fishermen for a supply of fresh fish for daily meals. Now the fishermen have been deprived of their means of gaining a livelihood, for the large nets prevent the fish from coming within their reach; a monopoly has taken the bread from the mouths of hundreds of honest toilers. The large steamers of the trust remove the contents of the pockets of the nets and these contents are taken to the large marts of New York and Philadelphia, there placed on ice, and in a stale and much deteriorated condition they are returned to the very shores from which the monopoly snatched them, to be sold at prices a hundred per cent. higher than they commanded when in former years they were taken by our own residents fresh from their briny habitat. Two of the greatest charms of summer life by the sea have been removed and the public has not reaped a commensurate advantage therefrom.

The advocates of pound net fishing tell us that the ocean is so large that its stores are inexhaustible. We were told the same some years ago when some of our birds were sought for millinery decorations; the white egret and other birds of beautiful plumage came from southern climes, where they bred by the hundred thousand; according to the claims of those who reaped illgotten gains from the slaughter of these birds there could be no danger of extermination, for the source of supply was so great. In those days the birds whose plumage was in demand for decorations were plentiful along our shores, but despite this fact and the alleged inexhaustible source of supply many of the species have been practically exterminated. The egrets are no longer seen where formerly they were present in large flocks, and the history of the egret has been repeated many times in other species. Your Commission hopes that the Legislature will provide measures by which the fish in the sea will not share the same fate as the birds of the air.

In addition to the claim that the fish supply is inexhaustible came last year the claim that the men who had engaged in pound-net fishing should not be subjected to restrictive legislation or required to pay a tax for the continuance of their privilege because they had invested their money without any idea of such regulations or tribute. This claim has been utterly nullified by the action of the angry sea, which twice during the past season destroyed the nets and strewed its sands with the iron pillars and chains which held the nets. A more fitting answer to the alleged poverty of the trust could not be found than the fact that after the first ravages of the sea the nets were quickly replaced by new ones; now, when our coast is clear of these pernicious contrivances, their former owners are making plans for the erection next

year of even more destructive and larger nets than have ever disfigured the sands of New Jersey. They cannot now plead the injustice of a tax on property supposed to be exempt, for if the Legislature should enact a law for the proper regulation of pound-net fishing, that law will have been on our statute books long before the first stake is driven or the first mesh woven. It is high time that something be done to protect the fishermen along our coast and the dweller at the seaside, and no time can possibly be more propitious than the present, rendered so by the action of the elements, nor more urgent, made so by the rapacity of the trust in the past season.

ANGLING NOTES.

Justice in England.

In Whitehaven County Court, England, a convicted poacher sued a justice of the peace for the value of a net and for damages for its retention. The plaintiff had been convicted of illegal netting before the defendant, and after conviction the latter had retained the net captured with the prisoner. It seems that by an old act of Parliament, which had never been repealed, there was no clause forfeiting the tools of a convicted poacher, although subsequent acts relating both to fish and game contained provisions by which nets could be retained or destroyed by the legal authorities when their owner was convicted of using them illegally. Judge Steavenson, who presided, said that to give back a net to a convicted poacher was like handing back poison or a dagger to a convicted assassin, but the law being as it was he would have to find for the plaintiff, and his decision was that the defendant must return to the plaintiff the net or its value; and as the law was silent as to the value of such property and also as to when it must be returned to its owner, he would fix the value at 1 penny and give the defendant six years in which to return the net or pay the penny. A man who dispenses law as Judge Steavenson did in this case, impartially and with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, should be Lord Chief Justice of England, and every sportsman in the realm should support him. I should not be surprised if brother Marston should make Judge Steavenson a guest of honor at the next dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club in London.

Walton's Angler.

FOREST AND STREAM informed its readers only last week that at Sotheby's, in London, a copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" sold at auction for £415, or $2,075, and was knocked down to Mr. Pickering.

An enterprising daily newspaper in New York State must have seen a notice of the sale and judged it to be worthy of a leaded editorial notice, for it contained such a notice, giving the price for which the book sold as $525, and concludes: "It must be remembered, however, that the book contains the champion fish stories."

Great Scott! Izaak Walton's Angler contains the champion fish stories, in the sense that this writer intimates; it is enough to make one weep and gnash his teeth.

The paper from which I have quoted gives some attention to field sports, and in its news items was an account of a wild deer invading a small village in southern New York. It describes the passage of the deer through the town and how it finally disappeared by jumping over a fence, "leaving some of its silky hair on the top rail." The writer could not have meant that a deer really has silky hair; he was probably thinking of a dear mermaid jumping a fence and leaving her silky hair on the top rail, for mermaids do have silky hair, and they do jump fences, although Izaak Walton does not mention the fact in his Angler.

Newfound Lake and its Trout.

The people about Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, are not—at least, some of them are not—entirely pleased at the manner in which the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners are conducting fishcultural operations at the lake, as I learn from letters and editorials in the Bristol *Enterprise*. The paper vouches for one Mr. E. T. Pike, who says of the lake trout in Newfound Lake: "There is no doubt in my mind that there would be to-day many more trout in our lake had the Commissioners not interfered with the natural order of things at all. Every fall previous to twelve years ago vast numbers of these fish were speared. Why, thirteen years ago this fall over 300 large trout were speared, to my positive knowledge. I saw one boat that contained seventy-two, another sixty, and there were several other boats that had ten or more each. Farmers and others used to salt down these fish by the barrel, and yet even such slaughter did not diminish the number seen each year on the spawning beds."

If I should write a statement of that sort for FOREST AND STREAM over my own name the editor not only would not print it, but he would go posthaste to the nearest court to make a motion to have me confined in an institution for the feeble-minded, and my twenty years' connection with this journal would come to an inglorious end at the drop of the hat; but there is nothing in the Boston papers to indicate that Mr. Pike has been confined in any sort of an institution since he informed a curious world that his head was of a peculiar shape, with unique trimmings. Mr. Pike should have lived before Jacobi, before Garlick, before the days of fish commissions and fishcultural associations, and if he could have convinced the fathers of fishculture that the surest way to keep up the supply of food fish was to slaughter them when they came onto these spawning beds to reproduce their kind, there would have been no experiments in artificial fish propagation.

There would have been no need of costly fish commissions if Mr. Pike's theory could be proved to be correct; for instead of a fish commission turning hundreds of thousands of young fish, artificially hatched, into a lake when the stock ran low, it would be a far better way, and a cheaper, to furnish the people with spears to kill the fish on their spawning beds before they deposit their eggs.

Mr. Pike and his statements would not be worth one dip of a pen into ink to reply to if he were not supported by Capt. W. A. Beckford, and Capt. Beckford's confirmation would not be worth the second dip of the pen if both were not supported by the editor of the paper in which their views are printed.

Read what Capt. Beckford says under the heading, "It is a Robbery:" "There is no doubt in my mind that the policy pursued by the Fish Commissioners during the last nine years has been of vast injury to the fishing interests of Newfound Lake. There used to be a vast number of fish speared every season on the spawning beds, but yet the natural hatching of the eggs in the lake kept the supply good. * * * Nine years ago the Fish Commissioners were attracted by the immense number of fish that could be taken from the spawning beds of this lake. They built a hatching house capable of holding at the most only 800,000 eggs. They captured the trout by the hundreds, took bushels of eggs from them and carried them all off to different parts of the State, except enough to fill the trays in our hatching house."

This is where the robbery comes in, that after the trays in the hatching house were full the balance of the eggs were taken elsewhere to be hatched. I imagine Capt. Beckford uses figurative expressions when he speaks of hundreds of trout and bushels of eggs, for one of the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners told me years ago that Newfound Lake had been speared almost to death, and it would require a long time to get the lake back to normal condition, so far as its trout were concerned, after the years of spearing, poaching and other outrages the lake had been subjected to. Are all the people so blind that they cannot see that they are now paying the penalty for the years of spearing that nearly destroyed the trout; that the best efforts of the Fish Commission cannot restore in half a dozen years what the people have been 100 years in exterminating? Seemingly there was no protest from the people when the robbery of the spawning beds of the fish was carried on year after year, but the moment intelligent fishculture comes to their aid to restock the despoiled waters with trout it is robbery to take any of the eggs or fry from the lake. The views of the two correspondents and of the editor regarding fishcultural methods show such an ignorance of the subject that they are not worth quoting at length, and one sample will do. The Commissioners are advised to keep the fry until they are large enough to take care of themselves, "because the cost of the tanks for this purpose would be but a trifle."

A good many years ago I spent some time in the West. It was during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Col. Harry Brownson, the general freight agent of the road, was visiting me in my tent in Wyoming Territory, and wished my striker to do some mending for him. The Colonel went into a tent store in Bryan to buy a paper of needles. The merchant recognized him as the man who was chief of the freight department of the road and charged him $1 for the paper of needles. The Colonel protested at the exorbitant charge, but when the man explained that it was not the cost of the needles, but the freight on the needles that made them so high, the Colonel paid the dollar without further murmur.

So with the matter of rearing fish; it is not the trifling cost of the tanks, but it is the cost of feeding and attendance that make yearling trout come so high; and in a State like New Hampshire, where the appropriations for fishculture are not as robust as elsewhere, the food question has to be considered; for, as I have remarked on several occasions, fish do not long thrive on a diet of pure air, even the pure air of New Hampshire.

This part of an editorial will probably appear to the uninformed like a true bill against the Commissioners, and it is really the only part of this indictment worth considering seriously after the admission that spearing of fish on the spawning beds has been a common practice for many years: "Many of our local fishermen are becoming aroused at what they call the bad management of the Fish Commissioners in regard to Newfound Lake. They claim that the policy which has prevailed for many years of stripping the fish of this lake of their eggs and carrying a large proportion of them to other lakes is ruining the fishing. That not only are vast quantities of the eggs carried away, but a too large proportion of the fry hatched at our hatching house is treated in the same way." I do not know what proportion of the eggs are returned to the lake in the shape of fry, but it is safe to say that the Commissioners return several hundred per cent. more than would result from the "natural order of things" mentioned by Mr. Pike. What per cent. of eggs result in fry from the natural order of things? Five per cent. would, in all probability, be a very large estimate. We do know that by count only two per cent. of salmon eggs were impregnated in one case of the natural order of things, and allowing for all casualties and fatalities between impregnation and the date of hatching, which may be 150 days, five per cent. is a liberal estimate. In the hatching house something over ninety per cent. of the eggs taken artificially produce healthy fry, and if the Commissioners return one-quarter of the fry to the lake it is a vast improvement on the natural order of things.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York has contracts with the owners of five private lakes. Three are in the Adirondacks, one is in the Catskills and one is on Long Island. Understand that these are absolutely private waters, where the fish can breed under the natural order of things and all the increase will belong to the owners of the lakes. In spite of this fact the owners enter into an agreement with the Commission by which it can send its men to these private waters and take the spawn from the trout. For this privilege the State in return agrees to hatch the eggs and restore a proportion of the fry to the lakes. In four instances the Commission must return to the lake one-fifth, or 20 per cent. of the fry; and in the fifth case the Commission must return one-sixth of the fry, keeping four-fifths and five-sixths respectively to be planted in the public waters of the State. The owners of the lakes are successful business men, so successful that they are able to own valuable trout lakes as private preserves, and it is not at all probable that they would voluntarily enter into an agreement with the State by which they would get the hot end of the deal. Being in a position to make their own terms, it is safe to assume that they consider 16⅔ per cent. and 20 per cent, respectively of the eggs returned as fry to their lakes a better arrangement for them than the natural order of things.

It is true that none of the gentlemen referred to permit their trout to be speared on the spawning beds, as they probably have not heard of this method of keeping up the stock. A gentleman in New Hampshire, not connected with the Fish Commission, writes me: "Have you read the ridiculous statement in a Bristol paper regarding Newfound Lake? The truth of the matter is that all the trout were speared out of the lake when the Commission took hold of it to restock it, and the complaints read to me like the wail of disappointed poachers who would like to return to their vomit again."

I wish to assure the gentleman that I have read the statement he refers to, as he will discover if he reads this note in FOREST AND STREAM.

New Book by Mr. Halford.

There will soon be issued a new book by Mr. F. M. Halford upon "Dry Fly Entomology," giving brief descriptions of leading types of natural insects serving as food for trout, with 100 best flies and manner of dressing them. There will be ten plates of flies, hand colored, and plates of insects.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION REPORT.

WE have received the first annual report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests for the period from April 25, 1895, to the close of the fiscal year, Sept. 30, 1895. In the elaborate character of its preparation and the fairly sumptuous style in which it has been produced by engravers and printers, the volume differs from all other fishery reports we have had in this country. That which will attract most attention is the series of colored lithograph plates of fishes. Of these the report says:

"It would be worse than useless to attempt to portray any fish in colors, unless it were done with absolute fidelity in every detail. Mr. Sherman F. Denton, the artist of the United States Fish Commission, was engaged to make sixteen color drawings of fishes and game, and this he did so faithfully that they will serve to identify the originals of the drawings, for fin rays and scale formation are as faithfully represented as the external colors of the subjects. These color drawings have been reproduced so exactly that no colored figures of fishes in existence exceed them for truthfulness or beauty of execution. They are absolutely faithful reproductions, which can be said of no other work of this kind."

We need not add that because of these plates the volume is one which will be treasured by those who are so fortunate as to secure a copy, and we can do no better service to the reader than to hint that one will do well to make sure of his individual copy, provided he shall have the requisite influence to secure it. The time will be long before another opportunity will offer itself to secure such pictures of fishes without money and without price.

The subject matter of the report has to do with the customary business of the Commission. There are special reports relative to the purchase of lands, an account of fines and penalties, of net licenses, of the oyster franchises; with reports of the shellfish commissioners and of the superintendent of hatcheries. There are special papers on Food for Fishes, by A. N. Cheney; Mascalonge, Pike, Pickerel and Pike Perch, by Mr. Cheney; and on the Shad of the Hudson River, from the same pen. The Rainbow Trout is described by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the Brown Trout by Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the English *Fishing Gazette*, and the Ouananiche by Mr. E. T. D Chambers. Judge S. H. Greene writes of the Chinese Pheasant, and Mr. Granville Hills has a paper on Summer Woodcock Shooting, to accompany reproductions of his photographs of a nesting woodcock which have already been noticed in our columns. One paper which is likely to have very marked interest at this juncture is an exhaustive Report on the Adirondack Deer by Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox.

New York Convention.

THE annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 14. All clubs and associations are urged to send delegates, and to communicate at once with President Frank J. Amsden, Rochester.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.
Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man. Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

A REVIEW OF 1896.

THERE has been something of a depressed condition in the kennel world during the past year, though matters in a general way have been mending of late, and some special branches seemed to have suffered but little, if any, from dull times. The commercial features of the kennel world are in direct sympathy with general commercial prosperity or adversity. Dogs in a way are a luxury, a popular and wholesome luxury, one that appeals to the hearts of all whether they are rich or poor, haughty or humble, whatever may be their nation or clime; but when revenues are cut down economy is a necessity, and while people love dogs then none the less, a certain percentage is forced to forego the fancy for them.

Active sales at long prices are far less frequent now than they were a few years ago, though there is a healthy general interest, the tendency of prices being to a basis of real values, especially in respect to those given for pointers and setters whose ability and service for field work are considered.

For shooting dogs there has been a fairly good demand at fair prices, though much less than the excessively large prices of a few years ago, which no doubt did much to injure setter and pointer interests, since those inflated prices were within the reach of but relatively few sportsmen, and therefore they made ownership more exclusive. Such prices could have no healthy, permanent basis. They were of the boom order, sure to collapse. The big sums of money won a few years since at field trials by certain dogs did much to increase their value, for if a dog

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND PINMONEY.

could win several hundred dollars or several thousand in a season it was plain that he was not to be sold for a song.

Prices are now measured more on a dog's field merit than on ability to campaign and win money, as the heavy purses put up by nearly all the clubs a few years ago are now of the things which have passed away.

Field trial interests are taking a turn for the better in every way, though there are some clubs which are not so well adjusted financially as we would like to see. However, by adjusting their finances according to their revenue, they can pull through. If a club spends more than its income, it is almost certain to have serious problems to consider sooner or later.

Field trial supporters seem to foster the trials now more on a basis of sport and less on a mercenary one than obtained when prices were so much higher. Such is a healthy sign. It denotes a return to practical worth instead of the excessive development of the few qualities which dominate in a half-hour's spin, and which will be so manipulated as to overshadow the work of a really meritorious dog, whose work is based on all-day standards.

The beagle trials also have been well sustained, though there has been some falling off in interest, probably temporary, as the genuine love of sport which their promoters and supporters display, and the wide scope of country North and South wherein the beagle may be used, and last, but not least, the high grade of sport which the musical little fellows provide, will insure that the beagle will not be neglected. His intrinsic merits are too well appreciated to be ignored.

His larger cousin, the foxhound, is developing a strong following; but unfortunately it is difficult to hold a trial where the conditions of weather and fox and grounds are in harmony for good tests, and at the best, owing to the very nature of a competition which is largely out of sight of the judges, there is much of haphazard in making decisions. As a sport it is steadily growing in favor.

The bench show interests have probably experienced the greater vicissitudes, quite a number losing financially on their ventures, though as some clubs disappear others appear, so that the value of the general whole remains fairly intact.

There seems to have been a severe frost in the challenge industry, which flourished so vigorously a short time since, owing perhaps to the fact that they were not challenges, but advertisements.

The Pacific coast is now enjoying practically the blessings of home rule in kennel matters, the A. K. C. is governing wisely, and on the whole there is a prospect of a better year on healthier and more permanent lines.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—III.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Queen Bee, the dam of Redfern, had quite a reputation as a field dog, and to her individual field quality I attribute most of Redfern's excellence. Probably no dog was ever heralded far and wide more than Sarsfield was, and probably no dog so little deserved it. As a field dog he never deserved any consideration. I saw him run at the trials, and a worse exhibition is rarely, if ever, seen. It will therefore be clear that the mating of Gypsey Maid with Redfern was one of individual quality rather than of blood lines. The results as portrayed in Nugget were an advance on either sire or dam. She had her dam's pluck and go, with more speed. And she had her sire's good nose, style and level head.

Redfern was sold by me to Mr. A. M. Valentine, Janesville, Wis. He has always been highly prized by his owner. Indeed he should be, as he is all any sportsman could desire as a field dog.

I have mentioned the fact of Redfern's gunshyness because the gunshy puppy is generally condemned by sportsmen who have had a limited experience with dogs. It has been my experience to have had a number of these dogs to deal with at various times. I have invariably found that dogs of this character were possessed with splendid capabilities.

Gunshyness is by no means the serious fault that it is claimed to be. It can be cured in the puppy in a short time by kindness and careful handling.

In 1890 the Irish Setter Club opened a special stake in connection with the Eastern Field Trials Club. The Irish setters were to compete in the regular stakes with the English setters and pointers. There were six or eight dogs entered for this special, the running of which afforded no little amusement to the spectators and opened the eyes of those who were handling the red dogs. I was handling in this stake the Irish setters Ready II. and William H. I had the misfortune to be down with William H. against the ultimate winner of the Derby, Tory Lieutenant. He was handled by that good handler and great wag, John White. Tory was a wide, fast ranger, and he distanced William early in the heat; in fact, the latter wasn't in the hunt at any time in the heat. White noticed my discouragement, I suppose, for he said in his droll way: "You look as if you'd like to go up in a balloon." That just about expressed my feelings, for I then and there determined to never run another dog in the trials that could not at least make a decent showing.

I was more fortunate with Ready II., as she was placed second in the special to Tillie Boru. The showing the red dogs made in the stake in comparison with the other setters revealed their weakness. I have always contended that the club at this time was on the right course, because owners and breeders would have a chance to compare their dogs in actual competition with other setters and pointers; they would then be able to discover their weak points and know better how to improve their dogs. To those of us who were there, all the weakness of the dog as herein pointed out was apparent. He had not the nose, speed and endurance to compete with the English setters and pointers. While this is true, it is no reason why breeders should give up trying to improve their dogs. English setters and pointers were not always up to the high standard of to-day. Their owners and breeders attend the trials in numbers, and by careful comparison of the work done select dogs to breed to and from, and are thus enabled to keep up the high class of their dogs. While I attended the Irish setter trials, which were inaugurated in the next year for Irish setters alone, only two or three owners and breeders of the dog put in an appearance. Of these not all had got rid of the color craze, but as these trials were for Irish setters only there was no chance for comparison, and much thereby in my opinion was lost. DR. H. B. ANDERSON.

Hurstbourne Zip and Pinmoney.

THE subjects of our half-page picture this week, Hurstbourne Zip and Pinmoney, by their excellent field trial performances are fresh in the memory of those who admire dogs for their capabilities in actual work, and their prowess in competition. Hurstbourne Zip distinguished himself last fall by winning three Derbys in succession, namely, that of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, run at Morris, Man.; that of the Continental Field Trials Club, run at Kennedy, Minn.; and that of the Eastern Field Trials Club, run at Newton, N. C., Pinmoney at the latter place running a very close second, and winning first the week following in the United States Field Trials Club's trials; running then more in the steady, mature manner of an aged dog and showing a very high class of work, sound in all details. The portraits are from the original painted from life by Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, which is but a way of saying that they are admirably true and artistic.

Meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club, held at Rowland, Ala., the week ending Dec. 19, was one of the most successful hound trials ever held in the United States. The attendance was large, and many of the prominent fox hunters of the country were present with their hounds.

For the most part the weather was bad, and conditions for fox hunting unfavorable; nevertheless there were several fine races, two red foxes holed and a bog fox caught by the puppies.

The Derby was for hounds under eighteen months of age at $3 50 each; 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. There were fourteen entries, and the prizes were awarded to J. L. Green's Frank, A. L. Hennigan's Hoodoo, and J. W. Gilman's Flash, in the order named.

Hoodoo is a remarkable puppy when the fact of his being under twelve months of age is considered.

The stake for hounds of any age had twenty-one entries at $3 50 each; money divided as in the Derby.

Dr. I. F. Delaney's Captain Bankhead, J. W. Gilman's Tom, and J. L. Green's Grady received the awards.

At the annual meeting, held Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. C. Trigg, Glasgow, Ky.; First Vice-President, Wm. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss.; Second Vice-President, Malcolm Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; Secretary-Treasurer, Major Val Yound, Waverly, Miss.

Waverly, Miss., was selected for the next meeting place, and the time was fixed between Oct. 15 and Nov. 25, the exact date to be arranged by the secretary so as not to conflict with that claimed by any other similar organization.

Among those notably present were: Dr. I. F. Delaney, Rowland, Ala.; Hon. R. H. Lowe and J. H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.; Mac Gilchrist, Garth Gilchrist and Mr. Sykes, Courtland, Ala.; Chas. B. Richardson, Nashville, Tenn.; Ivanhoe Spears, Ingrams Mills, Miss.; Capt. J. A. Turner, Ras Richardson and J. W. Tilman, Athens, Ala.; Col. Wm. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss.; Jackson Bros., J. L. Green and J. L. Ames, Tenn. H.

Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The M. K. and Pet Stock Association will hold a show the week following Chicago, March 17-20, on the plan of the Grand Rapids show. The ladies of Milwaukee will give the club their assistance, and the profits will go for charity. LOUIS STEFFIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A bite and a sup is an index of as true hospitality at times as is a prince's entertainment, but a bite alone is as it may be. Under the caption "Three Hundred Dollars for a Dog Bite," the *Sun* has the following: "A jury in the City Court gave yesterday a verdict for $300 in favor of Abraham Margolien, a glazier, in a suit he brought against John W. Bosch to recover $2,000 for a dog bite. The plaintiff alleged that he went to the house of the defendant to put in some glass and was attacked by the dog. He called upon the defendant to call off the dog, and he says that the defendant said: 'Don't be afraid; the dog won't eat Yiddish meat.' The plaintiff testified that, relying on this statement, he entered the house of the defendant, whereupon the dog tore away the seat of his trousers and some of his flesh."

Of the advantages afforded to exhibitors through the kindness of the N. E. K. C. in offering special concessions in the use of its kennels, situated on the club's farm at Braintree, Mr. Allen Chamberlain, press agent of the club, writes as follows: "Dogs are here not only boarded, but trained for the field or house broken, and a competent veterinarian is within ready call in case of illness. The club makes a special point of preparing dogs for shows, not only its own, but for any in the circuit. This year the club will make special boarding rates for the interim between the Boston and New York shows for the accommodation of dogs from a distance which are going the round of the circuit, and will give all such dogs the benefit of the club's special car to New York, a feature which has proved very beneficial to those who have availed themselves of it for the past two years. Thus the scope of the club's usefulness has been greatly increased and its new departure is already being as fully appreciated by dog owners outside the club's membership as ever its shows were."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

RIGHT OF CYCLISTS ON CABLE ROADS.

BY WM. GEO. OPPENHEIM, LL B. (NO. 70,835),

Member of the New York Bar.

A CASE of considerable interest and importance to bicyclists has just been decided by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court of the First Department (New York city and county).

Mr. Justice Barrett, probably the most eminent, learned and logical member of the Division, which is composed of seven judges, has written an opinion reversing the decision of the trial court in the case of Rookes vs. The Houston Street & Pavonia Ferry R. R. Co., in which he holds that a cyclist on a cable car slot was lawfully thereon.

It is worthy of notice that all the other six members of the Appellate Division concur in his opinion.

From the law report of the case it appears that a young man was riding his bicycle on the slot of the cable car aforesaid; that at Nineteenth street (New York city), and without warning from the motorman or conductor of the cable car, which was approaching him rapidly from the rear, he was run down and thrown from his bicycle and severely injured.

The young man brought suit against the railroad company, and on the trial (which I reported about a year ago, animadverting on the injustice of the decision) his case was dismissed on the ground "that he was guilty of contributory negligence, as he was in a place of danger when the accident occurred."

The plaintiff, Rookes, admitted that he was familiar with the rumble made by the cable car, but that he was run down before he could change his position, and that no cable car bell was rung and no gong sounded before he was struck.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the trial court and held that "under the laws of 1890, chapter 568, sections 162 and 163, Mr. Rookes was lawfully on the track; that he certainly had a right to expect the usual warning in the rear; that he was proceeding lawfully and with a justifiable sense of security; that no duty was imposed upon him to look back; that his primary duty was to look in front of him, to keep a good look all around, but that he could not ride upon his bicycle at all—certainly not with safety—and yet keep his head turned so as to observe what was going on behind."

Evidently Judge Barrett has a level head and does not look back.

The opinion concluded, "therefore the question of negligence or contributory negligence was one for the jury."

A new trial was ordered, and some questions of interest to bicyclists may hang thereon.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

GOOD ROADS LEGISLATION.

BICYCLE riders in New York are arranging for a concerted movement on the State Legislature this winter to obtain the passage or a good roads bill, and there is reason to believe they will succeed in their effort. The bill will be fathered by the State Division of the League of American Wheelmen, and its provisions are just now being debated upon.

In all probability the measure will resemble in a general way that which in Massachusetts has resulted so successfully. State aid will be called upon to lend financial and engineering assistance to the improvement of roads deemed worthy, and for which the county, the town or the resident taxpayers stand ready to contribute their share of the expense. It has been amply demonstrated that in most localities the farmers, alone and unaided, are utterly incapable of building good roads, as they lack both the means and skill to do so. An extended system of good roads cannot be obtained without State aid, and though the farmers benefit most directly by such aid, there is good reason for giving it, and the cost cannot be called an imposition upon other taxpayers.

As has been pointed out by Mr. Sterling Elliott, a farm may have around two sides of it a mile of road and be dear at $8,000, while a city block bounded by a few hundred feet of road may be worth a million. The owners of the city block are benefited by all good roads extending from that city, even to a distance of many miles. Likewise the residents of cities are vitally interested in what it costs to haul the food they eat. Consequently the little part they pay in the form of taxes for road improvement is amply returned to them, and the investment is one that benefits the urban and rural population alike.

Mr. John F. Brayer, of Rochester, has written an open letter on the subject of good roads legislation in which he sets forth some of the objects to be attained. In it the necessity of æsthetic considerations and the demands of posterity are pointed out. Mr. Brayer believes in making a finished job while we are about it, and in leaving to our children an inheritance that will be worth something and not constantly require expensive additions and outlay for reconstruction.

To attain this end he believes that a sufficient width should be allowed the roads selected for improvement to meet any future demands that may be made upon them, and that the possible beautifying of the road in time to come also be intelligently considered. Comprehensive plans should be made and filed with the officers of the various counties or towns through which such roads pass, showing the proper grade, fence and walk lines, tree lines, etc., to which all future improvements may be made to conform.

Mr. Brayer points out that in most of the plans so far submitted reference is only made to the building of hard driveways 12 to 18ft wide for vehicles to pass over, and the necessary side ditches for drainage. No attention is paid to the width of the highway between fences, which is an extremely important consideration, and the æsthetic side of the question is never mentioned. Apparently only the present is considered, and the easiest way of obtaining a hard, practical driveway; entirely regardless of tree planting or other means of beautifying the road, or of the future demands for sidewalks or street car lines, telegraph, telephone or electric light wires, or conduits, gas and water mains or cycle paths.

As two main principles Mr. Brayer urges, first, that highways connecting important towns or leading to cities, or such as by reason of their importance the State is likely to help improve within the next ten years, should not be less than 100ft. between fence lines; and, secondly, that one of the State highway commissioners to be appointed in accord with the provisions of the bill be a landscape artist of acknowledged reputation.

The State should not lend its assistance toward improving any road unless it is wide enough between fences to accommodate the traffic of the future, and also capable of being made into a beautiful highway. To secure the first consideration, abutting land owners should dedicate sufficient land to give it the required width, with the assurance that the subsequent improvements would enhance the value of their property more than sufficiently to repay them.

"Before any work is done on any roadway, the commission should have a broad, comprehensive plan. They should designate the proper line for future tree planting and the proper distance apart. As it is now, trees belonging to adjacent farm owners are set at varying distances outside of the fence line—sometimes so close to the fence as to make it impossible for a person to pass between. Sometimes they are on the fence line, or inside of it, and sometimes encroaching on the driveway, making it almost impossible to lay out a path or sidewalk. If a line had been established long ago these people would perhaps have been glad to have planted their trees accordingly. Any one can observe how crooked, disjointed and cramped are the walks and paths at the outskirts of most cities and villages, caused by trying to avoid trees. The space set apart for trees should be sufficient to allow for their growth without encroaching on the walk or on car lines, as is often the case when the roots of trees have to be cut off in laying walks, or that people get jammed between cars and trees."

Where old trees are in the way new ones may be planted and allowed to grow till such time as it is considered desirable to remove the old ones, and all trees planted hereafter would of course correspond to the new tree lines.

So much for æsthetic considerations. On the side of utility Mr. Brayer points out our marvelous rate of development and rapid increase in population, and the certainty that territory adjacent to the main highways of the State will in time be much more densely populated than at present.

"In time there will be electric car lines on many country roads radiating out from important centers of population, and these should have ample room for double tracks and should have a separate place of their own, and not be built into the driveway.

"There should be ample room for a walk, and with the popularity of the bicycle as a means of locomotion is it too much to expect that in time we may have, in addition to a good roadway, a cycle path 6ft wide, and possibly one on each side of the road exclusively for cycles?

"The horse driveway, however good it may be, can never be an ideal roadway for cycles, with its mud and paste in wet weather, its ruts, its horse droppings, dust and loose stones, besides the danger of collision with horsed vehicles.

"It would be an advantage to horsemen if bicycles had a separate path. A cycle path can be cheaply constructed and maintained. There is practically no wear on it.

"It can be made to drain off quickly after a shower.

"It is always smooth, hard and clean.

"All of which cannot be said of the horse driveway.

"Hence there should be sufficient room for a future possible cycle path and perhaps one on each side of the road.

"Any road improvement will tend to draw people from the crowded cities into the country for residences, and the bicycle will have helped much to do this.

"In all of our large cities we are spending millions of money to obtain parks, breathing places for the people. The smaller cities and villages hope to have parks some time.

"The acquisition of the necessary land for these parks is generally so long delayed that it becomes expensive, and they have to be located at quite a disance from the center of population

"So much so that many of us rarely get to them and enjoy them.

"Parks are good, but our streets and highways must of necessity be all the park that many of us can get time to enjoy.

"Therefore let us beautify them when we have an opportunity to do so cheaply, and let us enjoy life and nature at all times—while at our work, while passing through our streets on business—and not be compelled to travel miles to our parks."

MODEL OF '97.

NINETY-SEVEN sees fewer radical changes in cycle construction than any previous year. In a general way it may be said that there are no distinguishing features in the new wheels to separate them from last year's models, and the attention of the manufacturers seems to have been confined to the perfection of minor details. On critical inspection it may be seen that the new models surpass their predecessors in mechanical detail and finish, but the improvements strike one as being finishing touches, a smoothing down and leisurely correction of slight faults that were passed over the previous year owing to the necessity of more important modifications rather than indications of material advance.

No doubt this condition of affairs is largely due to the fact that perfection has been nearly approximated along the present lines of bicycle manufacture. It is also in measure due to the unsettled condition of the trade, and the fear that consumption will not immediately catch up with production. No large outlays for improvements whose success is problematical will be made while manufacturers are uncertain of their market

One effect of the similarity of this year's models and last will probably be the hastening of a general reduction in the list prices of the highest grade bicycles. As soon as a new model is put upon the market the price of the previous year's stock is discounted, and this year it is likely that purchasers generally will not see enough difference in value to pay full price for the new models, with the result that the new models will remain unsold while the stock of '96 wheels lasts.

While the $100 list price for the highest grade bicycles has been maintained, a slight reduction in the price of medium and low grade machines has been made, and many manufacturers have added to their lists lower priced wheels than heretofore. Frequently these lower priced wheels are the standard wheels of last year, built from the same lines and of the same materials, so that for all intents and purposes the price of bicycles has been reduced and riders will this year have the benefit of better wheels than ever before at a moderate price.

An inference that seems warranted by this state of affairs is that the necessity of a $100 list price arises primarily from the changes expected each year, which involves considerable expenditures for royalties, tests and new machinery, and that where such changes are not demanded it is apparently possible to turn out the highest grade bicycles at a profit to be sold for much lower prices.

Cause for Depression.

"It always depresses me greatly to meet a bicycle scorcher."

"Why so?"

"I hate to see a man's legs work so much better than his brains."—*Chicago Record.*

Yachting.

AS WAS not unexpected, the proposal that the New York Y. C. should depart from a long established precedent and inaugurate the work of forming a national association of yachtsmen has met with serious opposition from some of the older members of the club, and it is even yet a question whether the experiment will be put to a practical trial. Such opposition, while not unnatural, is we believe without good grounds, and based mainly on a failure to comprehend the existing situation in American yachting. The nature of the objections may be gathered from the following interview of the New York *Herald* with an anonymous member of the club:

"This league business is totally unnecessary. It cannot add to the prestige of the club, and may involve it in so many outside complications as to be both inconvenient and unpleasant. The N. Y. Y. C. has been able to care for itself in the past, and is likely to do so in the future. It has never in its regattas sought outside entries, nor do I believe it will care to do so. It has kept complete records of the country's yachting history, which have always been open to the inspection of properly accredited representatives of other clubs. It will not want to be governed by a committee the majority of whom are from clubs of much less strength, and whose boats are of the smaller size. It has a distinct antipathy to having its constitution tampered with, and for it to become a member of the proposed league there must be a change in that instrument. Most of the members appreciate that the difficulties to be overcome in forming such an association would be almost disheartening, but that might not be an insurmountable objection if the N. Y. Y. C. were to derive any special benefit from the proposed league."

This may all be very true; the New York Y. C. has a

prestige of its own that cannot be questioned, nor can it be usurped by any other club. It is the oldest, the largest, the richest and most prominent club in the western world. It numbers the first yachtsmen in the country among its members and the finest yachts of the world in its great fleet. It has the America's Cup, which it has successfully defended for many years, and without going into all the minute details of this defense, it may be said that its whole action in the last two races and the disputes which have attended them has increased rather than diminished its prestige. It is able to hold its own races without the aid of other clubs; it has a more than ample fund to draw on for prizes apart from the public spirit of such individual members as Mr. Ogden Goelet; and its annual cruise is one of the established fixtures of the season.

Conceding all this, there is still another side to the question: The past two seasons have witnessed a turning point in American yachting in the matter of racing legislation In this particular branch of yachting the advance has been notably slow. When the battle of the types was first begun by the FOREST AND STREAM, with the aid of a few individual enthusiasts, the subjects of attack were not limited to design and construction alone, not even to the measurement rule, but the faults and errors of the then existing methods of racing were also included. In spite of the wonderful advances long since accomplished in design and construction, and the early introduction and general adoption of the Seawanhaka rule, but little was accomplished in the direction of uniform and improved racing management for many years The conflict of minor details of measurement, classification, allowance tables, entries, etc., was endured year after year, with no general effort for a change; the "time start," with intervals of sometimes as much as twenty minutes in which to cross the line after the starting gun, was rigorously adhered to by all but a small number of American clubs; owners were freely allowed to build at the bottom instead of the top of a class, or to slide about at will from one class to another.

The change that has been wrought in all of these matters has been so rapid as to be almost marvelous. It seems hardly more than yesterday that the FOREST AND STREAM was abused as an "anglomaniac" for advocating the building to the upper limits of a few common classes with no time allowance; the general use of the one-gun start; the filing of measurements before starting; the limiting of each yacht to one class; and other essentials of systematic racing. To-day there is in existence a strong union of the Boston clubs, another of the New York clubs; on the lakes the old L. Y. R. A., the pioneer in all of this work, promises to become the nucleus of an interlake association; and throughout the country yachtsmen are generally interested in the associated tasks of improving and unifying all racing regulations. Though the work as a whole is yet in its preliminary stages, and many serious obstacles to a national union must be encountered, sufficient progress has already been made to warrant the adage: "Well begun is half done."

Experience in the past has taught us the slow and discouraging steps through which every reform in yachting must come, and we are not prone to be too enthusiastic; but we have never felt more encouraged as to the future of American yachting than on this present New Year of 1897. The tendencies of the times are entirely in the direction of such harmonious and concerted action among the great body of American yacht clubs as must bring about good results immediately, so far as each separate locality is concerned, and also in good time lead to a national union of many, if not all, of the clubs.

It is stating the case entirely too mildly to say that this work has been done without the aid of the New York Y. C.; it is much more correct to say that it has been done in the face of opposition, positive, however carefully masked at times, from the club Again and again have steps toward united action on different matters been inaugurated by other of the larger clubs only to fail when submitted to the New York Y. C. for its cooperation. With all of its wealth and prestige, the club has made no yachting rules save those relating to the America's Cup; but it has taken from time to time the rules introduced and tested by one or the other of its younger fellows.

The new movement within the club is inaugurated by men who are in active touch with yachting and who are looking forward instead of backward. Whether they are one and all in hearty accord with the present trend of yachting is of no moment, but they probably appreciate the one vital fact that this movement, begun out of nothing and gathering force of itself, until in but two years it has resulted in a strong, progressive body that is even now the controlling factor in the yachting system of New York and the Sound, has come to stay; that work thus begun under unfavorable auspices, and drawing its strength from no one club, but from the many individual yachtsmen to whom it appeals, must succeed when many previous efforts in the same direction have failed. In this they are right; the Massachusetts Association and the Sound Union, each just beginning its third year, with no pretensions to either wealth or prestige, are already factors in the actual yacht racing of Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound that far outweigh any of the great yacht clubs

It is true that the New York Y. C. can go on without them in the future as it has done in the past; it needs no aid from them to maintain its large membership and its prestige, to obtain challenges for the America's Cup or to defend it; and the club may also be able to turn the tide of recent years and to bring back some of the old-time glory to its annual regatta and to intuse new life into its annual cruise.

Granted that in all of these points it can gain nothing from a part in a national association, it is quite as true on the other hand that its aid is by no means essential to the furtherance of the work now in hand. Even in the event of a triumph of the opposition and the failure of the new scheme, the various existing local associations will continue as before; and presumably with a proportionate growth. The immediate result which may be looked for is the control by the Association of the great bulk of building and racing; and a more distant but almost inevitable result is the union of the local associations in one national body; leaving to the New York Y. C. all that it now has, but taking from it much that it might have, and depriving it of all claims to preëminence in actual yacht racing and lawmaking.

While we do not believe that the present work will fail for lack in the future of a support that it has never had in the past, we at the same time recognize that the New York Y. C. is by its position the natural leader in a movement of this kind, and that nothing better can happen to American yachting than the realization by the club of this fact and of the opportunity now offered to it to take the lead. The scheme now under consideration, and which may do in a season more than may otherwise be achieved in ten years, is entirely too extensive to be carried through without the active aid of the New York and all the other large clubs. The preliminary work has already been done by various agents, it only remains for the New York Y. C. to step into the field plainly open to it and to lead the way. In doing this it need have no fear whatever of a loss of prestige through association with small clubs, or that the latter will in any way infringe on the rights of the New York Y. C. to manage its private affairs in its own way.

THE battle of the types on the lakes promises to be an interesting one, as the fin-keel has found many opponents there. Lake Ontario has already been the scene of a yachting conflict for some years, the shoal centerboard sloop once being supreme on the lake. What with importations from salt water and the local productions of the late Alexander Cuthbert, an expert in such craft, the centerboard type was strongly represented when the first narrow cutters, Verve I., Verve II and Cyprus, invaded its waters. Gradually the old sloops have disappeared, and the narrow cutters as well, to make way for the modern cutter of the Minerva type, a thoroughly wholesome craft in design and construction; fast enough to outsail anything of the old types, and in accommodation and general usefulness excellently adapted to the conditions of lake yachting.

This type, which has proved in every way satisfactory, is now threatened with extinction at the hands of the bulb-fin racing machine, of which at present there are hardly half a dozen of over 25ft r l. on the entire chain of lakes The only claim that can be made for this type is that it gives a small increase of speed at a cost of a serious loss of accommodation, the yachts being somewhat faster in the comparatively few races sailed in a season, and practically useless for the large amount of cruising and general sailing which has up to this time been the custom of the Lake yachtsmen. While the harm resulting from the free introduction of the fin-keel will be very much more serious in the larger classes, the advocates of the type are all men interested only in the smaller boats. The so called compromise at the recent meeting is simply an impossibility and cannot be allowed to stand; the question is one that must be decided positively in one way or another.

FROM first to last the conduct of the gentlemen who built and raced the successful Canada last summer must commend itself to experienced yachtsmen as eminently wise and sportsmanlike. In declining in the first instance to build a large fin-keel to meet the Chicago copy of Niagara, and in insisting on adhering to a smaller class, they were acting upon a long and intimate experience of lake yachting, the different members of the syndicate having between them owned and raced many of the best yachts on Lake Ontario, and having raced and cruised on all the lakes. Realizing fully the uselessness of yachts of extreme draft and limited accommodation, as well as the impossibility of building up a 55ft. class, they refused to build out of the largest existing class on the lake, the 42ft ; making an agreement to meet the larger yacht under certain conditions, which they fully lived up to.

Though in the 42ft. class, the yacht which Mr. Will Fife gave them for the Toledo race was of a very undesirable type, a semi-fin of extreme light construction, and by no means the yacht to promote yachting on the lakes. No one knew this more thoroughly than they at the end of last season; and they were certainly not so obtuse as to underestimate the fact that all the prizes in the 42ft. class for next season were theirs if they chose to race Canada again.

One result of their meeting with other lake yachtsmen was to convince them that the time had at last come for a successful effort, after many unsuccessful ones, for a union of all the clubs of the great lakes in one association, and before the season was fairly over they had taken the necessary steps toward the creation of such a union. Possessing the fastest yacht on the chain of lakes, their first effort was to bar her and others like her, in accordance with what they deemed to be the best interests of the sport under existing conditions. In accordance with this end, they have offered to withdraw Canada from all races, to sell her on salt water if possible, or if not, to keep her from the racing; to accept three, four or five times the regular allowance if she were still raced and her type prohibited, or to make any other concession necessary to bar the fin and semi-fin types in favor of the yacht of moderate section, such as Zelma and Yama.

In addition to this, the cup which Canada won being their personal property, they have been for some time discussing the best means to make it a permanent trophy for the Great Lakes, their intention being to donate it for that purpose. After giving their time freely through the spring and summer to the building and racing of the Canadian champion, they have been equally busy since the season closed in organizing the new Union, preparing rules, corresponding with other organizations, etc.

Except for the opposition of some of the Lake Michigan yachtsmen to the barring of fin-keels and professionals, all has gone well; the Union has been formed and its rules adopted, the Interlake Yachting Association of Lake Erie has indorsed both; the Royal Canadian Y C., the largest on the lakes, has amended its rules to conform to those of the Union, and it was fully expected that the Lake Y. R A. would do the same. At the very last moment all this work has been frustrated by two or three persons, one armed with a handful of proxies and casting a vote on each of them.

However serious the immediate results may be in delaying the joining of the Union by all the associations, and in the encouragement it gives to the advocates of the fin-keel and the opponents of Corinthian sailing, we have little fear that such a misuse of power and failure to recognize its responsibilities will do permanent harm to a good cause.

FIG. 20.

WITH the present issue the series of articles on Yacht Designing is resumed. We hope to continue it at regular intervals through the winter and spring.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 581, June 13.)

IN the preceding chapter the general principles of orthographic projection on three coördinate planes were described as applied to a simple rectangular solid. The application of these principles to the delineation of buildings, machinery, etc , is a comparatively simple matter; such objects usually possess numerous plane surfaces, with the bounding lines and angles sharply defined, and consequently readily projected on one or more of the coördinate planes.

In the case of a vessel, however, the problem is apt to be much more difficult, from the fact that we have to deal almost entirely with curved surfaces of the most complicated description, and with practically no plainly marked edges or angles, and not even one flat side as a basis for measurement. Especially is this true of the modern as distinguished from older yachts; the latter had certain plane surfaces and sharp lines about the keel, but the former, such as Defender, Gloriana, Minerva, Niagara, or even El Heirie, is bounded by but two curved surfaces—the two sides merged into one single surface by the continuous curve of the sections across the keel—and the deck. The only positive edge or line that such a body presents is the joining of the deck with the topsides of the hull.

In examining such an object with a view to its exact representation on paper, the novice, even though familiar with ordinary mechanical or architectural drawing, would be puzzled as to where to begin. Fortunately there is one step by which matters may be very much simplified at the outset. In most structures it is necessary that the complete object should be represented, but in a vessel it is seldom necessary to draw more than one side, the other being precisely similar. The first process then will be to cut our vessel into two parts by a *vertical, longitudinal* plane through the center; in other words, supposing that we have the reduced model of the vessel, we will hold it vertical, in the exact position in which it should float, and pass it, in a direction from bow to stern, over a circular saw. We now have two halves, symmetrical, but reversed, one of which we may throw away entirely, confining all our operations to the other.

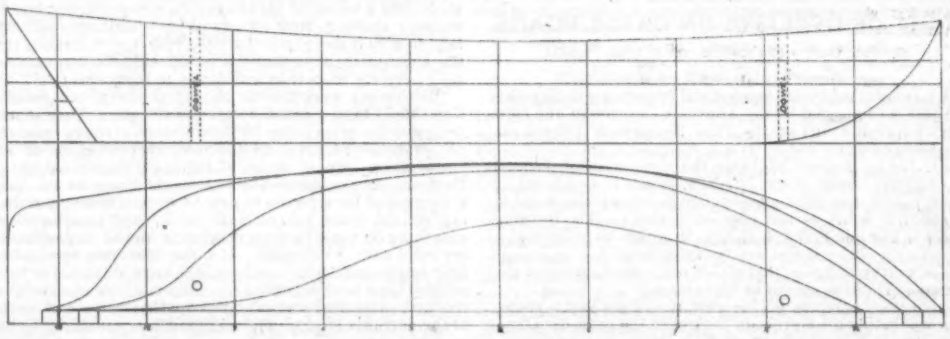

FIG. 21.

The question of which one to retain is commonly considered of no importance; but as we propose to start right from the very beginning a few words on this point are in order. It is usually a matter of chance or taste with a marine draftsman whether he discards the port or the starboard half; in other words, whether he represents a vessel with her bow to the right or to the left. In a general way, one method is as good as the other; but it is highly desirable

that certain conventional methods shall be followed in marine drafting as in all other branches of the art. As in all other handiwork, far better results are obtained by following some definite system of operation; and, what is of particular importance in marine drafting, if all designs are made after one general system, it is much easier to make those close comparisons between them which are the main basis of successful study and designing.

While all designers and naval architects work approximately in the same way, the usages and conventionalities are much less marked than in other similar professions, such as architecture and machine designing; and each marine draftsman is a law unto himself as to the innumerable details of his work. It has been for nearly fifteen years an important part of our work to prepare for publication in the FOREST AND STREAM designs derived from many different sources, the work of numerous draftsmen. The most striking point about the large collection of drawings that has thus passed through our hands is the entire absence of system, save in the few basic points that are absolutely incapable of variation, such as the use of the three planes of projection and the conventional "waterlines," "diagonals," etc., soon to be described. Failing to find in all of the works on designing and naval architecture any thoroughly systematic method of operation, we began some years since to plan out such a system, both for our personal use in the study of drafting and designing, and because it seemed in every way desirable that in presenting together a very large number of designs, as in the numerous volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM, all should be made after some one system. In the gradual evolution of such a system we have followed the established usages of draftsmen in general, endeavoring to combine them into a simple and definite system of working. Those who are familiar, as many are, with the long series of designs which has been such a feature of the FOREST AND STREAM since 1880 will recognize that of late years a marked uniformity of style has prevailed, with the result that the different designs are more closely related to each other, and more easily compared. While some designs come to us so cleverly executed that it would be but a waste of time to redraw them, the majority are entirely redrawn, with totally different arrangement of stations, level lines, etc.

Without claiming anything novel, radical, or indispensable for the methods followed in the course of these articles, we can at least present them as definite and systematic; and we would recommend to the beginner that he should follow them carefully until he finds good reason for abandoning them for others.

As the first step then, we will discard the port or left side of our imaginary model, retaining the starboard or right side as the object of our future operations and investigations. This will bring the bow to the right hand and the stern to the left, as in Fig. 20.

We know of no special reason why a drawing of a vessel should be made in this way rather than the reverse, as is very frequently done, but it is plain enough that all drawings should be alike in this respect. In our early experiences we began to draw hap-hazard, one design with bow to the right and another with bow to the left. The absurdity of this was readily apparent, and we soon drifted into the habit of drawing with the bow to the right, probably because this plan is the more common one. It is followed to day by most designers and draftsmen, though exceptions are by no means rare. In many cases designs for the FOREST AND STREAM, if on tracing cloth, are redrawn by turning the drawing face down and using a new piece of cloth over it for a new tracing, thus reversing the bow from left to right.

We will start then with our half model, as in Fig. 20, with the bow to the right. The operation of sawing the whole model in two has given us one flat side, which is a very great help. This side we can place directly against the back of the box described in the previous chapter. The first step which suggests itself is the tracing of the *side elevation* of the model on the back of the box, which is easily done by running a pencil around the outline of the stem, keel, rudder, counter and upper side. The next simple step is the projection of the greatest breadth of the model upon the bottom of the box, by placing a vertical straightedge, or a plumb line, alongside the deck line at the bow and marking where the foot touches the bottom of the box, then moving the straightedge along by small degrees and marking the foot at each point.

The next step is not so plain, we have but a smooth and irregular surface, of complicated curvature, and with no lines or edges that can be projected on either of the planes. The presentment of this surface in the picture, Fig. 13 and Fig. 20, is very pretty, but absolutely useless for purposes of accurate delineation or measurement, and something very different is necessary.

It is manifest that we can handle this surface both accurately and conveniently if we can mark on it a sufficient number of lines and draw them, each in its proper plane. The simplest way to do this is to saw up our model into a number of thin slabs or slices, tracing the largest edge of each slice in its correct position relative to the others. If we have a model made, as is sometimes the case, of a number of thin boards of the same thickness fastened together with screws or with wooden pins—*dowels*—we can take it apart and trace on the proper place the outline of each board—*lift*, as it is called; then we can reunite them and saw the model into other sections by a series of parallel cuts at right angles to the fore and aft line of the vessel. These sections may also be traced, giving projections of other curves of the surface on the ends of the box.

This process of a dissected model in many pieces is slow and cumbersome at best. It was, however, the only one in use by yacht builders in this country for very many years, and it is but a few years since it has disappeared entirely. The usual method was to get out from a dry pine board a sufficient number of *lifts* to make the required depth of the model, the top piece being thick enough to allow for the curve upward of the deck, the *sheer*. These pieces were fitted together and fastened with screws, or more frequently with wooden pins—*dowels*. The solid block thus made was fashioned to the required shape with saw, spokeshave, chisels and gouges, being finally finished with sandpaper. The only guide to the correct shaping was the eye of the modeler. While the block was still in the square, vertical lines were drawn across the back, usually *scribed* in with the point of a knife, and after the upper side was shaped to the required sheer similar lines were scribed or drawn across the top. These lines were usually located where the frames of the vessel were to be, no special attention being paid to the number or lengths of the *intervals* or spaces between the lines, except as regards the proper distance for the frames.

After the model was thus completed, it was laid flat on a board or sheet of paper and the outline of the stem, keel, sternpost, counter and upper side were marked in, also the positions of the seams between the different lifts and of the vertical lines on the back. The model was then turned with the upper side down on the paper, being wedged if necessary until the waterlines were parallel with the paper, the back edge being parallel with the lines of the lifts in the first drawing; then the outline of the upper side was drawn in with a pencil held vertically. It frequently happened in the old vessels, with *tumble home* to the topsides, that the line thus drawn was not the outline of the deck, but the line of greatest breadth, at whatever height this might be on the various *stations*. After this the screws or dowels were removed, the lifts separated, and each in turn was laid on the paper, properly adjusted by the line at the back and the different verticals, and its outline drawn in. From the two drawings thus obtained, the side *elevation* and the *ground plan*, the third drawing, the *end elevation*, was easily obtained by methods shortly to be given.

While this was the usual method of *taking off the lines* from a model, it was not the only one. The edges of the lifts were not only easily damaged, but in some places they were reduced to the thinnest *feather-edge* that crumbled in the cutting and finishing and made a very rough and indefinite line when traced. A much handsomer and more durable model could be made by gluing the lifts permanently together at the outset, or even by cutting the entire model from a single block of pine. Such solid models were often made, the lines taken from them in this case being vertical, along the different *sections*, instead of horizontal, along the waterlines or edges of the lifts. This was done in several ways; sometimes a strip of lead was used, perhaps ¼×¼in., this being pressed to fit the surface of the model at the required point and then transferred to the paper, a very unreliable and unsatisfactory method. Another way was to cut a light *saw kerf* into the model at each station, inserting a piece of cardboard and tracing the outline of the model on it, the cardboard being cut out to form a mould from which the section might be drawn on paper. After this was done at every station, the kerfs were filled with pieces of veneer, glued in, and the model smoothed and polished anew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

Thirteenth Annual Meeting.

ROCHESTER, DEC. 19.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario, held on Dec. 19, at Rochester, N. Y., will long be remembered as the most tiresome and protracted meeting yet held, as well as a notable exception to all preceding meetings, which have uniformly been characterized by harmony and good feeling and unselfish work for the good of the Association. The Lake Y. R A. since its foundation in 1884 has done in a quiet way, unknown to yachtsmen at a distance, a work of which its members may well be proud. At its birth yachting and yacht racing on Lake Ontario were in a most backward condition. There were a few clubs, most of them weak in numbers; a scattered fleet of yachts, all old boats and of varying sizes and types; no single locality boasted of a good rule, and no two localities had the same rule, the racing being of the most haphazard description. The lake itself is a large body of water, with ports few and far apart; comparatively few wealthy men were interested in yachting, and matters were complicated by the further obstacle of a divided nationality, part of the fleet sailing under the blue or red ensign and part under the Stars and Stripes. The organizers of the new venture established a wise and liberal policy, which has been maintained ever since, adopting modern rules and methods, but at the same time protecting as far as possible existing boats. The result has been that the odd sizes and types have dropped out by degrees as new boats came in to take their places, this change being made without giving serious offense to the owners of the old craft, and as for the new ones, they have been built to established rules and classes. As in the American Canoe Association, the Lake Y R. A has known no one nationality, but has gone on amicably under two flags. We fail to recall a single case in which what might be called international issues have arisen within its membership. Out of the score or more of similar organizations of yacht clubs started within the past fifteen years throughout the country, the Lake Y R. A. is almost the only one that has survived the second or third season, and the only one that has shown a regular and constant growth.

Not being present at the meeting, we quote the following detailed report from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle;* we believe that it is substantially correct.

It was 3:30 o'clock this morning when the delegates to the meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association concluded business. They had begun a little after 2 o'clock, first meeting at the Powers Hotel. They finished at the Rochester Y. C., where a banquet had been given them. They had met to accept or reject two clauses principally; all the other matter was of minor importance, and contained no radical change. The greatest of these two clauses was the one which required that the midship section of the yachts built in the future must have a coefficient of 85 per cent. The other was that the vessels should have their load waterline measured with crews aboard. The first one was not adopted, as it was formulated by the delegates who met at Buffalo a month or so ago to formulate rules which would be accepted by a Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, yet to be formed. The second was also amended somewhat.

The delegates gathered at the Powers Hotel, and from there adjourned to the Chamber of Commerce, where they were called to order by Æmilius Jarvis, president of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. J. E. Burroughs, vice-president, and E. H. Ambrose, secretary-treasurer, were also present. The clubs and the delegates representing them were:

Oswego Y. C.—H. A. Downey, com ; John T. Mott, J. P. Doyle.
Rochester Y. C.—J. E. Burroughs, T. B. Pritchard, F. W. Bickford.
Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto—Geo. H. Gooderham, J. Carl Reed, A. Jarvis.
Royal Hamilton Y. C.—Frank Monck, E. H. Ambrose, J. H. Fernside.
Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton—George Webster, William Burnside, Geo. Allen.
Queen City Y. C., of Toronto—William Burnside, as proxy for Owais Martin and W. J. Foy.
E. C. Berriman, of Chicago, owner of Vencedor; and T. Sebastian Poekel, of Racine, Wis., designer of Vencedor, were present in an advisory capacity.

The new rules and by-laws which will take the place of the present constitution of the Lake Yacht Racing Association were discussed. There was no discussion of any importance until the question of measurement came up, and there the first hitch occurred. This section was presented as follows:

"Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2.

"The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with all persons aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships.

"All yachts shall be measured for load waterline length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto."

Here argument arose on the ground that modern vessels are built so close to the waterline limit of their class when no one is aboard that the addition of the weight of their crews would put them at the bottom of the class above and out of the racing question.

Mr. Monck said that he believed that the Lake Yacht Racing Association should adopt the amended rules with as little change as possible, because this Association had made the initial move, and it would be well for the delegates to waive some points in order that the desired uniformity of rules on the Great Lakes be obtained. The only objection to this clause is that it would affect present boats, but it is the aim of these rules to promote the building of boats, and the present objection is but temporary, as in four years or even less there would be entirely new fleets built under uniform laws.

A couple of compromise resolutions were offered, but were lost on being put to ballot.

Mr. Burnside said that he did not consider that it was just to ask him to favor any such change of rule, and he would not favor it for all the clubs on the lakes. When he built his vessel he had thought the rule under which it was constructed would hold for several years.

Mr. Jarvis said that on the Sound and in England it is now the rule to measure with crews aboard, and that upon this point the Interlake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Erie had strongly insisted.

This resolution was not acted upon at the afternoon session, but was postponed until after the banquet, and it was not until after midnight that it came before the assembled delegates. All through the banquet this rule and the one bearing upon the midship section was the subject of considerable lobbying. The principal opponent to both sections was the Michigan Yachting Association, as represented by Commodore Berriman, who, although not a delegate to the meeting, yet has been appointed delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes when it takes place. According to him the changes proposed in measuring with crew aboard, and in requiring a 85 per cent. coefficient of the midship section of yachts, will not be accepted by the association he represents. It may be that this dissension will prevent the Michigan association from racing. The midship section rule referred to reads:

"The area of the midship section or largest vertical cross section of any yacht over 22 feet r. l. launched after November 7, 1896, when in racing trim shall not be less than 85 per cent. of the beam (at l. w. l.) multiplied by the extreme draft whenever found, exclusive of centerboard, if it be not a board weighted for ballast."

Mr. Gooderham said, as one of the owners of Canada, that he would not like to see other boats of her model, and would advocate that boats of Zelma type be built in future.

It was 12:15 A. M. before the business session adjourned from the afternoon was resumed. It was then seen that it was impossible to settle the above differences, and Mr. Monck moved that the meeting be adjourned, and that a committee be appointed to confer with the delegates of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and that the election of officers be proceeded with. He said that the meeting would be a memorable one, and would go down in the history of the racing of the Great Lakes.

He considered that it was impossible to come to an agreement at the present time, that it would be a breach of faith to the delegates who met at the Buffalo meeting, where the rules under consideration were drawn up, to act hastily upon the matter.

Mr. Fernside said that it would not do to let the matter go over the meeting.

Mr. Burnside argued in favor of the skimming dish, fin-keel type. Then it was moved that this section be taken up.

On behalf of the owners of Canada, Mr. Gooderham said he would guarantee that Canada would not be put forward as a defender unless the challengers should be given the plan of her midship section as a model after which to build.

One after the other, amendment after amendment was lost. An amendment was finally put which looked as if it would settle matters, when it was discovered that Delegates Monck and Bickford had disappeared, and no search could discover them.

The meeting had failed to come to an agreement upon the proposed changes to the constitution after 3 o'clock this morning.

Then the meeting broke up for a time, while everybody did a little lobbying. Then Mr. Gooderham made a motion that boats of the 50ft. class take Zelma's midship section; the 42ft. class, Zelma's; the 37ft. class, Vivia's; the 30ft. class, Eva's; the 27ft. class, Hiawatha's; the 23ft. class, Caruli's; up to which future boats must be built, Canada to be allowed in the 42ft. class, but to be taxed three times the time allowance of her class. This received no second. More lobbying. Messrs. Burnside and Fearnside wanted Canada's midship section adopted.

Then Mr. Gooderham moved that these boats be the representatives: Zelma, Canada, Vivia, Eva, Hiawatha, Caruli, in the respective classes. Mr. Fearnside said this suited him. It was what he wanted. "I have the courage of my convictions," he said, in making his motion Mr. Gooderham added: "And, gentlemen, there's not an American boat in the lot." Mr. Jarvis, who sailed Canada, Mr. Gooderham, one of the owners, and Mr. Ambrose said: "That kills the 42ft. class."

Then the question of measuring vessels with their crews aboard was taken up, and dropped like a hot potato. Then the question of whether a professional shall steer a boat of over 30ft. in length, was decided he could. Mr. Pritchard objected to the disbarment of a professional sailing his own boat, no matter what the length. Nothing official was done about his objection.

It was decided that existing boats be continued in their classes, although with crews aboard they may be forced over their class limit; otherwise boats must be measured with crews aboard.

J. E. Burroughs insisted that the delegates of the Rochester Y. C. be put on record as being against the decision to use the midship section of Canada as a model for boats built for the 42ft. class. The election of officers occurred some time as the eastern sky heralded the approach of the sun, and resulted as follows: Pres., E. H. Ambrose; Vice Pres., T B. Pritchard; Sec'y-Treas., Frank Gray; Ex. Com.: Rev. Dr. Whitcomb, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Com. E. A. Downey, Oswego Y. C., and Com. Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C.

Mr. Pritchard said he thought that the best interests of the L. Y. R. A. required that the secretary-treasurer should be from Toronto or Hamilton, so as to be in closer communication with the president. Mr. Burroughs said that he knew Mr. Pritchard meant what he said. Mr. Gooderham stated that he knew Mr. Pritchard's attitude was correct, and he would resign as vice-president, and would nominate Mr. Pritchard for the office. Mr. Pritchard objected, but he was elected vice-president, and Frank Gray, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, was elected secretary-treasurer.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Chamber of Commerce for the use of its rooms.

It was decided to apply for admission to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. Mr. Burroughs wanted Mr. Jarvis to act as a delegate to the meeting of the Union. Mr. Jarvis declined on the ground that he could not go to the meeting feeling as he did in regard to the adopted rules of the L. Y. R A. It was carried that the three original delegates, Messrs. Ambrose, Jarvis and Burroughs, make up the committee.

It will be seen from the above that the battle of the fin-keel has broken out in earnest on Lake Ontario, with what result no one can yet foretell. Anyone acquainted with the *personnel* of the two parties to the controversy would most naturally suppose that the advocates of the fin-keel were the comparatively few wealthy owners who own such craft or are able to build and run them, and that the advocates of the yacht section, so to speak, were the men of more moderate means who desire to race in a yacht adapted to other uses of yachting. As it happens, this is very far from being the case; the proposal to prohibit the fin-keel on Lake Ontario comes from the owners of the only important yacht of the type on the Lake, the new Canada, men who are willing to set their personal interests aside and to bar their own yacht for what they consider the good of yachting. The opposition, on the other hand, is composed mainly of men who have no interest whatever in the larger classes, who do not propose to build in them, and whose objects, when we consider the external bearings of the question, are hard to fathom. The leader of the opposition is a part owner of the 27-footer Hiawatha, a new yacht last season, a skimming dish with a wooden fin, her dimensions being: Over all, 40ft.; l.w.l., 24ft ; beam, 10ft ; draft of hull, 2ft.; total draft, 7ft.; weight of bulb, 2,700lbs.; sail area, 950sq. ft By a peculiar and unusual rule, this gentleman was enabled to cast three votes, one for himself and two as proxy for absent delegates. With him was associated in the opposition to the proposed amendment the owner of a 22ft. boat designed by Dyer, with a loaded oak fin. The 27-footer would be affected by the proposed restriction in its original form, to include the 27ft.

class; the 23-footer would not, as no limitation to the midship section was proposed in this class. At the same time the owner of Hiawatha was not asked to make the same sacrifice of his yacht which Canada's owners were willing to make of her, and they offered to place the 27ft. class with the 23ft., with no penalty on the bulb-fin, provided the restriction were adopted in the larger classes.

These gentlemen were actively aided in the meeting by two strangers, the owner and designer of Vencedor, members of the Lake Michigan Association, but not of the L. Y. R. A., who made the long journey from Chicago to Rochester expressly to oppose the adoption of the limitation of the midship section, the measurement with crew on board, and the exclusion of professional helmsmen. By the courtesy of the meeting they were allowed to be present, and they were active in their efforts to oppose the will of the majority

Looking first at the domestic side of the dispute, as concerns the Lake Y. R. A. alone, the so-called compromise is a piece of botchwork that is in marked contrast to all previous legislation of the Association, and which cannot possibly stand. It is absurd, inconsistent and without reason. It recognizes one type here and another there at mere hazard, and is utterly useless as a guide in building. Taking the whole result of the meeting as a victory for the fin-keel, it means that such yachts as have been used in the past, yachts of adequate construction and accommodation for the rough service of the lake, must give place to the fin-keel machine that can pick her way from port to port in summer and win the prizes in ordinary weather, but which is lacking in all the essentials of a yacht.

The plea which is made elsewhere for the fin-keel—that all experiments in the direction of extreme speed are desirable as increasing the knowledge of the naval architect—does not hold in so isolated a locality as the Great Lakes; but with yachting yet in its infancy, they can well afford to leave expensive experiments to others, and to limit themselves to such yachts as, while fast, are still capable of other uses than match sailing. The conditions of yachting are more favorable on Ontario to-day than on any other of the lakes; but even there the existing classes are poorly built up, and there is the constant complaint of lack of entries. Given a few second-hand Herreshoff fin-keels on the lake, Drusilla in the 37ft. class and Dilemma in the 27ft., for instance, sweeping the classes for a single season, and every good boat must be shut out of the race. The men who are responsible for this condition of affairs do not propose to remedy its evil results by building fin-keels or semi-fin-keels to take the place of the outclassed yachts, their work is merely that of destruction and not construction.

The consequences outside the immediate limits of Ontario are quite as disastrous as at home. The effort to form a permanent union of all the lake clubs under rules that would promote yachting and yacht building had its origin with the members of the Royal Canadian Y. C. Through their exertions the recent conference at Buffalo became an accomplished fact; they made the original draft of the rules there adopted; they placed the subject before all the lake clubs, and they have labored to bring all together on a footing of equality. The one serious point in dispute—the limitation of the midship section—has been accepted by the Interlake Y. C., of Lake Erie, and the only question was whether the Vencedor interests would be powerful enough to induce the Michigan Association to reject it; that it would be refused on Lake Ontario was hardly a possible contingency, considering that its proposers represented almost the only vested interest involved in the barring of the fin-keel. Now their work is destroyed and their intentions discredited, not by strangers, but by their neighbors and associates.

It is quite evident that the Lake Y. R. A. cannot, in its present position, enter a conference of the different lake associations and oppose the introduction of the fin-keel; and the result of a general meeting will either be that the L. Y. R. A. will itself be prevented from joining the new Union founded by its leading men, or the rules already adopted for the Union will have to be remodeled to suit it.

Our advice to the L. Y. R. A., first of all, is that it should at the earliest possible moment amend its rules in accordance with the usage in most similar bodies, giving no delegate more than one vote, either personally or as a proxy. In the present case, a majority of two-thirds being necessary to the adoption of an amendment to the racing rules, the vote at one time stood 11 for the restriction of the midship section to 7 against it, one delegate with his two proxies, representing the two smallest and least important clubs on the lake, controlling the entire meeting. It is the business of a delegate to attend such a meeting, especially where questions are to come up in which he or his club are interested. If he cannot attend, he should have the privilege (or his club should) of naming a proxy to represent him; but it is unfair to all the other delegates when one individual can come to a meeting with a proxy in every pocket and a vote for each one. We cannot say in the present case how the absent delegates might have voted if present after taking a personal part in the discussion and hearing the other side; but we can state from our own knowledge that at least one of those whose rights and responsibilities were thus turned over bodily to another was so completely in ignorance of the full facts of the case as to be in no way competent to form a judgment on them.

The result of the meeting is likely to do considerable harm, for a time, both to the new Union and to Lake Ontario itself, but we hope that those who have worked thus far for better things will be in no way discouraged by this regrettable occurrence.

The Yacht Racing League.

THE special meeting of the New York Y. C., called to consider the proposal for the formation of a yacht racing league of all American clubs, was held on Dec. 23 at the club house, Com. Brown presiding. The scheme for the proposed union was explained in detail by J. F. Lovejoy, with whom it originated. The proposal brought out out a good deal of discussion and no small amount of opposition. The original motion, for immediate action, was so strongly opposed that the following compromise was finally offered and passed:

Resolved, That a committee of seven, one of whom shall be the Commodore, be appointed by the chairman for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a Yacht Racing League, the object of which league shall be to establish uniform coöperation on measurement, classification and racing rules, the promotion of yacht building, the encouragement and development of the sport, and the preservation of yachting history and racing records, and that said committee report back to the club at a special meeting to be called for the purpose.

The following committee has been since appointed by Com. Brown: Com. E. M. Brown, James D Smith, S. Nicholson Kane, E. D. Morgan, Rear-Com. L. C. Ledyard, C. Oliver Iselin and Clarence Postley.

The Cohasset 15-Footers.

THE accompanying photos show two of the Cohasset class of "one-design" 15 footers built from the lines of Scarecrow, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27, 1894. We have previously published a very full account of the

BLINK.

Cohasset 15-footers designed by W. P. Stephens. From photos by N. L. Stebbins.

performances of the class, by W. E. Robinson, of the Boston *Globe*. While the boats were not much liked at the outset, they have shown so many good qualities during the season that they have become very popular. The class has made

HONEY.

good racing about Cohasset. The fins were fitted to lift, as the mooring ground is bare at low water. All of the boats were originally rigged like Blink; the rig of Honey was put on as an experiment. The builder, Mr. McIntyre, turned out an excellent little fleet at a very reasonable cost.

Elections of Officers.

Harlem Y. C.—Com., Daniel Ryan; Vice-Com., John Kipp; Rear-Com., Henry Hanlein; Fleet Capt., Arthur Hochstetter; Treas., Charles Hutchinson; Financial Sec'y, John Traugott; Recording Sec'y, H. L. Fuller; Corresponding Sec'y, F. H. Davis; Measurer, W. D. S. Heyer; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Steward, M. L. Goetze; Board of Directors: James F. Lalor, John Wimmer, B. F. Meyer, E. F. Delevante.

Knickerbocker Y. C.—Com., J. D. Billiard, Jr., slp. Tempus; Vice-Com., John F. Phillips, schr. Southern Cross; Rear Com., Stephen H. Mason, Jr., slp. Moccasin; Treas., Geo. H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Simkinson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Ringer; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. William Everett Johnson; Board of Directors: Edwin G. Davis, H. Stephenson, E. Eberspacher, C. Schlesinger and O. D. Dike.

Harvard Y. C.—Com., A. B. Emmons, '98; Vice-Com., G. H. Scull, '98; Rear-Com., C. C. Stillman, '98; Sec'y-Treas., J. A. Burnham, '99; Election Committee: J. A. Burnham, '99; H. Sampson, '99; E. A. Boardman, '99; Regatta Committee: A. H. Higginson, '98; E. Wadsworth, '98; H. D. Prescott, '98.

Hempstead Y. C.—Com., Charles H. Southard, of Baldwins; Vice-Com., John H. Carl, of Milburn; Rear-Com., Floyd Weeks, Hempstead; Meas., Thomas D. Smith, Bellmore; Sec'y, I. W. Williams, Treas., Frank Place, of Hempstead. Board of Governors: C. H. Southard, Baldwins; Frank Place, Hempstead; J. H. Carl, Milburn; Floyd Weekes, Hempstead; Thomas D. Smith, Bellmore; I. W. Williams, Hempstead; Thomas Martin, Brooklyn; Seaman L. Pettit, William E. Clowes, Bergen R. Carman, Hempstead. Regatta Committee: J. Wheeler Glover, Baldwins; Samuel R. Smith, Freeport; I. W. Williams, Hempstead.

Village Y. C., Boston.—Com., C. O'Connor; Vice-Com., C. Diedrichs; Fleet Capt., W. I. Hartley; Sec'y, T. F. Buckley; Treas., A. J. Pabst; Sergt.-at-Arms, A. Leach.

St. Louis (Mo.) Y. C.—Com., E. A. Shay; Vice-Com., C. F. Mulkey; Rear-Com., F. H. Medart; Sec'y, O. B. Pizas; Treas., E. Will Thompson; Fleet Capts., sailing, George D. Woodward; power, John B Retallack; Fleet Surgeon, George W. Kale, M.D.; Official Measurer, James F. Jones.

Tappan Zee Y. C.—Com., O. C. Pickney; Vice-Com., N. Bolet; Sec'y, H. Stuvisvant; Treas., Major Hinton.

Montreal Model Y. C.—Capt., H. E. Codd; Mate, J. Fotheringham; Purser, George A. Moore; Committee, J. Keyworth, J. Moore, E. D. McGuire, R. Dease.

Maple Leaf Y. C., Toronto.—Com., J. Lee; Vice-Com., W. Delaney; Capt., C. Burley; Hon. Sec'y, J. McLellan; Hon. Treas., J. Lang; Hon. Meas., W. Ramsey; Ass't Meas., M. Green. Executive Committee: J. Lee, W. Delaney, C. Barley, M. Crosbie, G. Crute, J. Virgin. Sailing Committee: C. Burley, W. Ramsey, M. Green, T. Delaney, E. Wickleson. House Committee: J. Clark, A. Johnson, J. McLellan.

Huntington Y. C.—Com., A. W. Palmer; Vice-Com., J. Woolsey Shepard; Treas., O. W. Ingersoll; Sec'y, Daniel S. Wood; Trustees, for three years, the Rev. Thomas McKee Brown and David A. Storer; Trustees, for one year, George R. Rogers and Charles A. Klots. The amendment to the constitution providing for a vice-commodore was carried, and ex-Com. H. H. Gordon was unanimously elected to the position.

Long Island Y. C.—Com., Joseph N. Goldbacher; Vice-Com., Chas. Hagen; Rear-Com., Theodore Meyer; Rec. Sec'y, Wm. B. Richards; Cor. Sec'y, Charles Williams.

Pavonia Y. C.—Com., D. W. Kahn; Vice-Com., James Johnston; Fleet Capt., G. T. Smith; Meas., A. P. Curtiss; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. L. Bauman; Cor. Sec'y, W. A. Miller; Fin. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Treas., B. H. McClain. Trustees: W. J. Kent, F. G. Agens, S. Morris, E. J. Smith and T. J. Roach; House Committee: J. A. Denin, L. Mitteisdorf, J. G. Benta, J. F. Clark and W. Willis; Anchorage Committee: A. F. Roe, A. J. Kreymeyer and J. W. Strober; Delegates to New York Y. R. A.: James Johnston, A. J. Kreymeyer and H. Heidelberger.

Douglaston Y. C.—Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Vice-Com., Clay M. Greene; Rear-Com., F. R. Parsons; Sec'y, George H. Petit; and Treas., John A. Cartledge.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

H. M. S. Virago, the fourth of the 30 knot torpedo boat destroyers building for the Admiralty by Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead, has had a full power preliminary run, with Admiralty officials on board, prior to her official trials. As it was the first time the vessel had been run at full speed, the results, both as regards evenness and speed, reflect great credit on the builders. The following are the particulars of the six runs on the mile at Skelmorlie:

Steam.	Lbs.	Time on Mile. Min. Sec.	Speed. Knots.
First mile	215	1 59¼	30.120
Second mile	215	1 57	30.770
Third mile	215	1 59¼	30 120
Fourth mile	216	1 56½	30.930
Fifth mile	218	1 58½	30.280
Sixth mile	218	1 58	30.510

The mean steam was 216lbs. and the mean speed 30 508 knots. Mr. Welsh and Mr. Ball attended on behalf of the constructive branch of the Admiralty, and Mr R. Ratsey Bevis and Mr. J. W. P. Laird of the contractors. The vessel subsequently completed the anchor trials satisfactorily at the Tail of the Bank.

The torpedo boat destroyer Furor, lately launched by Messrs. James and George Thomson, Limited, Clydebank, for the Spanish Government, has completed her trials on the Clyde. The mean speed on a three hours' run was 28.25 knots, or a quarter of a knot in excess of the guarantee. During the trial the Furor had the full load of seventy-five tons on board, which is considerably greater than the load carried by the destroyers of the British and other Governments. His Excellency, Com. Cámara, chief of the Spanish Royal Naval Commission in London, and a staff of assistants were on board representing the Spanish Government.—*Engineering.*

After the mess dinner of Dec. 19 the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. to the number of about forty spent the evening in an informal discussion of the subject of clouds, fog and moisture. On Saturday evening, Jan. 9, the topic will be "Ship Hygiene," with a paper by Dr. Frederic E. Sondern. In consequence of the holiday interruption, the "Talk" announced for Dec. 26 was postponed to Jan. 16. Topic, "Winds, their cause, various kinds, density, effects, how to interpret changes in, etc."

The annual meeting of the Rochester Y. C. resulted in the following officers being elected: Com., A. G. Wright; Vice-Com., Dr. J. W. Herriman; Fleet Capt., Edward Schirck; Rec. sec'y, F. T. Christy; Cor. Sec'y, E. B Leary; Treas., George H. Clark; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Sumner Hayward; Meas., W. H. Pillow, Jr.; Directors—F. S. Todd, Dr. W. J. Herriman, J. W. Robbins, A. T. Hageo; Delegates to Lake Yacht Racing Association—Dr. W. J. Herriman, J. E. Burroughs, Dr. C. H. Nicholson.

The following record of races and prizes for the year was read:

May 30—Class A, Cinderella, flag. First class, Iris $15, Nox $10, Magel $8, Amelia $5. Second class, Zanita $10.

June 24—First class, Iris $15, Facile $10, Weno $5. Second class, Nydia $12, Nixyi $8, Zanita $4. Third class, Priscilla $10, Chic $7, Zenobia $5, Viola $5.

July 18—First class, Nox $13. Second class, Priscilla $10, Zenobia $7, Quella $5.

July 30—First class, Iris $15. Second class, Zanita $12, Nixyi $8. Third class, Chic $10, Zenobia $7.

Aug. 8—First class, Undecided $13. Second class, Nydia $12, Nixyi $8, Zanita $4. Third class, Priscilla $10, Zenobia $7, Chic $5.

Aug. 27—First class, Facile $13 60, Kelpie $8 60, Iris $3 60. Second class, Nydia $12, Zanita $8, Althea $4. Third class, Zenobia $10.

The total amount of prize money awarded was $358; saved by not filling, $83; extra awards, $54.

The prize flags were presented together with the prize money; the colors for the prizes were as follows: Yellow, first; red, second; blue, third; white, fourth.

Sapphire II., steam yacht, originally Cleopatra, has again been renamed, and is now Penelope. This last change has been made by her new owner, H. E. Converse, of Boston, who recently purchased her from A. L. Barbour, giving the steam yacht Calypso in part payment.

Nourmahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, is refitting at the Erie Basin and will start this month on a cruise to Buenos Ayres with Mr. and Mrs. Astor and a party of friends. The yacht's bridge has been enlarged and a number of alterations made.

May, steam yacht, Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell, arrived at Malta on Dec. 11 from Tunis, and sailed next day for Alexandria.

Columbia, steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at Nassau on Dec. 11 and sailed for San Domingo on Dec. 16.

The nominations for the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C., on Feb. 8, are as follows: Com., George J. Gould, steam yacht Atalanta and cutter Vigilant; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Rear-Com., Benjamin M. Whitlock, schr. Hildegarde; Sec'y, David E. Austin; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., George Hill; Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell, Philip G. Sanford, Alexander P. Ketchum, Newbury D. Lawton, Thomas L. Watson and Henry B. Howell; Membership Committee, Louis F. Jackson, Spencer Swain and Henry W. Banks, Jr.; Regatta Committee, Newbury D. Lawton, David E. Austin and George W. McNulty.

It is now announced that the Prince of Wales and Mr. A. Barclay Walker have reconsidered their determination to omit the Mediterranean races this year, and that both Britannia and Ailsa will fit out soon for the voyage. Mr. Walker has presented the Club Nautique de Nice with 1,000 francs for the international regatta, which will take place on March 12 next. A number of small yachts, including Sampshire, will be sent out from England.

The following nominations have been made for officers of the New York Y. C.: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk; Rear-Com., Perry Belmont, steam yacht Satanella; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D.; Regatta Committee—Theodore C. Zerega, Dr. J. C. Barron and Dr. W. Barton Hopkins. House Committee—Edward E. Chase, J. V. S. Oddie, C. Alfred Grymes, Frank M. Cronise and William L. Stow.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, has been at Fay's yard, Southampton, for alterations, being converted from a three-masted schooner to a two master. She is now fitting out.

The Almy boiler has recently been the subject of a series of exhaustive tests as to its evaporative powers by George H. Barrus, the Boston expert. The result is summed up as follows in the report of Mr. Barrus: "In point of economy the boiler compares favorably with the best types. An evaporation of 11.922lbs. of water per pound of combustible, which was obtained in the test of November 2, is rarely exceeded by any form of hand-fired water tube boiler, whatever its size. One of the noticeable features in the operation of the boiler was the dryness of the steam exhibited on all the tests. Even with conditions of forced blast, when over 7lbs. of water was evaporated per square foot of surface per hour, the moisture was less than 1 per cent. The heat balance given in table No. 2 shows that practically all of the heat units available in the coal were accounted for, either in useful evaporation, or in chimney and other wastes."

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, reached Bermuda on Dec. 16 after an exceptional passage of 48h. 10m. from New York, sailing from there for Madeira.

Mr. N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, has just issued another of his interesting yacht books, the "Yachtsman's Album," with heliotype portraits of 240 yachts of all classes. The book is a complete list of the more notable American yachts, from the 15-footers upward, the portraits being supplemented by the dimensions, list of owners, de-

signers, etc. Through it the yachtsman may post himself thoroughly concerning the many yachts known to him by reputation, but not by sight. The Boston knockabouts are very fully represented.

Canoeing.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held at the residence of Percy F. Hogan, No. 202 Jefferson street, on Dec. 8 There was a full and enthusiastic attendance. The reports of the officers and committees showed the financial condition to be good and the club property ample for the members and in good repair. The regatta committee reported the holding of five sailing, five paddling, four tandem paddling races and a combined sailing race during the season. F. L. Dunnell won the all-round record trophy cup and gold bar, R. J. Wilkin the second prize and silver bar, and James F Eastmond the third prize and bronze bar. F. L. Dunnell won the Budington sailing trophy twice and now holds it, and R J Wilkin the Rudd paddling trophy. The average number of starters was four in each race. The election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: Com., M. V. Brokaw; Vice-Com., M. M Davis (re-eleted); Purser, F. L. Dunnell; Meas., W. N. Stanley, and member of Board of Trustees, W. McK Miller, in place of R. J. Wilkin; Regatta Committee, R. J. Wilkin, W. McK. Miller and Paul E. Vernon; House Committee, P. F. Hogan, D. A. Nash and J. F. Eastmond. The annual dinner of the club will be held at Rolfe's, in John street, New York, on Jan. 12, 1897.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 18.—The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association were out in force to-day. Captain Gindele spoiled one excellent chance for making 96 by putting in a 6 instead of a 10; this is but a sample of the ups and downs of riflemen when at the score. Conditions were as usual: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele.	
10 9 9 10 10 8 10 10 6 10—92	9 8 9 9 8 10 7 10 7 9—86
10 8 6 9 10 9 10 9 10 8—89	9 9 8 8 10 9 9 6 9 9—86
Payne.	
8 8 7 8 7 9 9 10 10 9—85	9 9 7 9 9 9 6 8 10 7—83
9 7 9 7 7 6 10 9 7 10—81	7 8 7 10 6 7 9 10 9 6—79
Trounstein.	
10 6 9 6 7 8 6 9 9 9—79	7 9 6 8 6 7 10 7 10 7—77
8 9 9 4 9 8 4 6 7 6—65	8 6 8 4 2 6 10 8 5 6—63
Heidkamp.	
5 8 6 5 8 8 5 7 7 8—67	5 8 6 8 7 7 3 5 9 8—66
7 5 9 9 2 1 5 8 9 5—60	5 10 5 6 8 6 3 3 9 5—60
Roberts.	
8 6 7 8 7 10 10 8 9 7—78	9 8 5 9 6 7 10 9 5 10—78
8 6 7 8 6 8 7 7 9 5—77	8 9 6 10 7 6 8 8 6 8—76
Topf.	
5 7 9 3 8 7 5 5 5 7—59	7 3 4 4 3 9 9 8 4 8—59
7 4 5 5 4 4 7 7 7 4—55	6 3 6 5 3 5 7 7 5 7—55
Weinheimer.	
8 7 8 6 8 6 9 10 6 7—75	9 3 8 9 7 8 6 5 7 10—72
9 10 7 7 7 6 8 5 6 6—71	8 10 7 5 8 5 7 5 8 8—71
A. Lux.	
7 9 5 7 5 7 4 5 7 10—66	7 8 8 7 3 8 6 3 8 8—66
6 5 10 7 6 9 6 6 5 5—65	5 10 5 6 9 4 7 2 7 5—60
Strickmeier.	
9 6 10 8 7 6 10 7 6 6—74	9 8 6 8 8 6 5 5 8 8—71
10 8 6 8 4 9 1 8 6 9—69	8 8 6 9 7 6 9 4 7 5—69
Drube.	
9 10 8 7 8 8 6 9 6 10—81	5 6 6 9 10 8 8 7 9 9—77
9 8 8 9 6 8 8 6 10 7—77	9 6 10 5 6 6 9 6 7 8—72

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—The rifle shooting members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot to day under conditions of weather favorable for good scores: clear atmosphere, with only a slight wind. Under such conditions Dr. J. O. Hobbs made the excellent total of 48 out of a possible 50, making a new record for the 200yds. range of this club. Scores:

200yds., off-hand, standard oval army target, 10 shots:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr J O Hobbs	4543544455 - 48	5544555555 - 48
Dr C L Hobbs	4344444554 - 41	3554443454 - 41
G W Spalding	2454444445 - 40	4334443454 - 38
S L Erwin	3333344434 - 34	....

PATTY.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—At a recent meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club the following officers were elected: President, Bernard Walther; Vice-President, H. D. Muller; Recording and Financial Secretary, Gus Schurman; Corresponding Secretary, Fred C. Ross; Treasurer, Charles G. Zettler; Shooting Master, Bernard Zettler.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 11-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE, Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 23—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week)—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The circuit of the Interstate Association for 1897 will probably be somewhat on these lines: Grand American Handicap in March, followed by target tournaments as below: Baltimore, Md; Richmond, Va.; Mobile, Ala.; Monroe, La.; New Haven, Conn.; Lewiston, Me.; Montpelier, Vt.; the eighth tournament being given, if possible, at some point in New Hampshire. From the recommendation made to the manager by the Interstate Association's classification and tournament committee, it seems probable that Nashville, Tenn., will be substituted for either Monroe, La., or Mobile, Ala. The Association wanted to give a tournament at some point in New Hampshire last season, but no club came forward with a request for the Association's services. Is there any club in that State that wants it this year? Don't all speak at once. Write to the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

It is the intention of the Interstate Association to make all events shot during the Grand American Handicap tournament high gun events. The Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 live birds per man, will be a feature on the first day, as usual, but it will not be class shooting, as in the past. The number of moneys, high guns too, will be graduated according to the number of entries, on a plan somewhat similar to that adopted for the Grand American Handicap. This tournament is a shoot for shooters, and we are glad to see that the Interstate Association is cutting away from the old system of dividing purses on the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. plan—a plan by which it was possible for a man to "kill them all" and yet come out of the contest worse off than a friend who had dropped one or two birds. The programme for the Grand American Handicap week of 1897 will be well worth studying

Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and also of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., is a hard man to handicap. His double win of the Class A badge and the Hegeman medal at the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds this season shows that he is about on top in that company. On Christmas Day at the Boiling Springs ground, with a handicap of 2 extra targets to shoot at, he succeeded in making his score one of 30 out of 32, scoring a highest possible. As a matter of fact, take him day in and day out, he is just as near an 85 per cent. man as you'll find anywhere round about. He has improved at least 10 per cent. during the past twelve months, and is a shining example of what pluck and perseverance will do when it comes to trap-shooting.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of Dec. 26 had the following item in regard to a proposed shoot at Bayport, L. I.: "At the pigeon shoot at the Bayport House yesterday afternoon Bergh officers forbade the shooting of live birds. The society notified Mr Harris some days ago and the officers were on hand to enforce the law. There was quite a discussion as to whether it was more cruel to shoot live pigeons from the trap than quail or other game in the fields. The sportsmen who came to take part in the match had to content themselves with shooting at clay pigeons The live pigeon match will take place on New Year's Day under the auspices of the Sayville Club, as it is understood that this club is exempt from the law."

The annual meeting of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, in the rooms of the Fountain Gun Club, 361 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. About twenty members were on hand to take part in the proceedings, the most interesting portion thereof being the discussion as to the club's future trap shooting home. It was decided, after considerable discussion, that a committee of three, appointed by the chair, should select a suitable piece of property and report back to the club. For the present the club's live-bird shoots will be held semi-monthly on the Dexter Park grounds. The officers elected to serve during 1897 were: President, Cornelius Furgueson; Vice-President, Adrian A. Hegeman; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George E Pool.

Dr. Carver caused John L. Winston some trouble during the past week, winning four 50 bird races from him with consummate ease. Two were shot on Monday, Dec. 21, the scores, as given in our issue of Dec. 26, being: Carver 46, Winston 44, and Carver 48, Winston 41. Two more were shot on Tuesday, Dec. 22, the scores being largely in favor of Carver: No. 1 was Carver 45, Winston 39; No. 2, Carver 45, Winston 38. The birds on this occasion are said to have been very fast, with some wind to aid them. There must, however, have been something else that troubled Winston, because "147" is a better man than 77 per cent. on any class of birds. The fact that he accounted for 77 out of the 100 is probably some consolation to the gentleman who has such faith in the mystic figure 7.

"Saving his Scalp" is the title given to the picture that adorns the calendar for 1897 issued by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn. The scene depicted by the artist is a stirring one, representing a ride for life and scalp on the part of a scout, with Indians in pursuit. One of the redskins, who has just topped the hill, is drawing a bead on the fleeing horseman, who is coming toward us at a great rate. It is unfair to leave us in doubt as to whether that Indian's bullet did its work or whether the scalp was saved. As a hint to the U. M. C. Co., let us suggest that this picture be marked "To be continued in our next," the sequel being given next year. We want to know what happened.

The sporting reporters attached to the Buffalo, N. Y., dailies are striking examples of the truth (in their case, at least) of "Wick's" (the late W. F. Limber, of Cincinnati) statement, that "the pen is mightier than the gun." (Ed Taylor's always quoting this at us, so we know that Wick said it.) Six reporters are said to have entered in a 10-bird race at Audubon Park. Mason, of the *Courier*, was *facile princeps* with 6 out of 10. Far behind him came Brooks, who is given as "unattached," with 2 out of 10. The other four were bunched at the finish with a row of goose eggs, Hasbrouck's nose just showing in front of the others by virtue of a "dead out of bounds" on his 6th bird.

Jim Elliott is getting acclimated to the air of Long Island and Dexter Park prior to his match with Fulford, Dec. 31. Jim's present address, one that will find him as readily as "Care of W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway, N. Y.," is Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. By 1 p. m., Thursday, Dec. 31, the hour at which the match begins, he will not only have learned the grounds thoroughly, but will also have something like a speaking acquaintance with every bird that will be trapped. There is every likelihood that he will abuse that friendship shamefully.

Charlie Grimm now wears the "cast iron championship medal," and we know no one who can wear that medal with more honor or with more becoming humility. He has won it fairly and in a great fight, the scores at the end of the 100th round standing: Grimm 98, Carver 96. Our Chicago correspondent can speak with authority as to the quality of the birds, but it must be remembered that 98 and 96 on any class of birds is true championship form. Carver, though defeated, is by no means disgraced.

Fred G Moore, of this city, is shooting in something like his old form. On Christmas Day, at the grounds of the Country Club, of Westchester, N. Y., he made some good runs Besides winning a cup with 13 straight, he divided 8 out of the 10 miss-and-outs shot during the day, scoring at one time 33 straight in those events, and dividing in consequence 5 consecutive miss and outs.

A. W. du Bray writes us from Dallas, Tex., that Parker guns won first place in the live-bird events each day of the North Texas Gun Club League's tournament. We understand also (but not from Du Bray) that Parker Bros.' representative carried off the honors in the badger baiting contests at Waxahachie, Tex., on the same dates.

The New Year's attraction at Elkwood Park, N. J., will be the Shrewsbury Handicap, 10 live birds, $10 entrance and $10 added by the management, 6 entries to fill. If 10 entries, three high guns; less than 10 entries, two high guns. Sweepstake shooting will also be run to suit shooters.

We learn from Secretary Reeser, of the Oil City, Pa., Gun Club, that Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the State shoot for the Oil City Gun Club, June 22-25.

We extract the following paragraph from a personal letter written to us by Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association: "It will undoubtedly interest you to know that on or before Jan. 1 next the Association will take possession of its newly equipped and roomy headquarters in the new Williams Building, 377-379 Broadway, where it will be pleased to receive its members and friends; that nearly every State in the Union is now represented in the membership roll, which is being increased by from six to ten applications daily; and that the third annual exposition, to be held at Madison Square Garden in March next, promises to be the most successful yet held by the Association."

Gus Nowak, a prominent member of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, and also a member of the Emerald Gun Club, has added to his trophy exhibit by taking the first prize for the season of 1896 in the monthly competitions of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of which club he is also a member. The secretary, Eugene Doeinck, gave him a good race for first honors, but failed to score more than 6 birds in the last shoot, three others falling dead out of bounds.

Christmas Day in this vicinity was just the kind of a Christmas Day that is more generally met with in novels than in real life. There was a brisk feeling about the air, without any wind to speak of, thus making it ideal weather for a winter trap-shooting entertainment. The many shoots held by local clubs in the vicinity of New York were all well attended. Nothing could be complained of except the glare of the bright sun on the snow that made it difficult to keep one's eyes from watering when the word "Pull" was given.

We have not seen the name of W. G Clark attached to a score for a long time. Mr. Clark is located at Elwood City, Pa., and is attending to his hotel business. We have an idea, however, that the score attributed to one named Boker in the shoot on the Herron Hill grounds, Dec. 16, is one with which Clark had something to do. A match between W. S. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Clark was to have been shot Dec. 23. Owing to sickness in his family Clark was unable to be present, so the match was postponed,

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., has gotten out one of its usual attractive calendars. A. B. Frost has been requisitioned for the hunting scenes depicted thereon. In "A Chance Shot" he shows us one of those things that generally occur "when you haven't got a gun." This time, however, is one of the exceptions, and the curiosity of the antelope is likely to be fatal. The drawing of the horse and the attitude of the hunter are capital.

The classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association will not visit Dwyer's track at Elizabeth or Elkwood Park until some day next week. The original intention was to inspect both places to-day (Dec. 29); the committee, however, could not get together owing to various business arrangements.

Harvey McMurchy is in town. It's not necessary to mention that Harvey represents the Hunter Arms Company, and that therefore he is to be found just now in W. Fred Quimby's quarters at 300 Broadway. Harvey is only here on a brief visit, but hopes to be able to stop long enough to witness the Elliott-Fulford match on Thursday. He will be on view at San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 25-29.

Old Hoss has achieved the distinction of being the first entry regularly made for the Grand American Handicap. On Monday morning, Dec. 28, the sum of $10 was paid to J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Interstate Association, as forfeit money for the above entry, the name of C. M. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa., being placed at the head of a column that will soon rapidly fill with other names.

Jim Elliott and E. D. Fulford meet at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday of this week, Dec. 31, to shoot for the Kansas City *Star's* cup at 100 birds per man. Fulford will use the Greener which he handled so well at Trenton on Dec. 3, while Elliott will show the boys that he is not very seriously handicapped by shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun.

The Kewanee, Ill., Gun Club holds a two days' shoot on its grounds Dec. 28-30. The programme states: "Nothing barred but black powder." On the first day the main event will be a 4-men team race, a 2 men team race taking place on the second day.

Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., writes that he will hold a live-bird shoot Jan. 8 at his grounds. The main event will be 20 birds, $15, birds included at 25 cents each, three moneys.

As will be noted, the dates for the Texas Midwinter shoot have been changed to Jan. 25-29. The dates for the Hot Springs, Ark., tournament have also been changed to Feb. 8-20.

The Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at San Antonio, Texas, April 21-23. This meeting will be the Association's "twenty-first annual." Mr. O. C. Guessaz is secretary of the Association.

In consequence of the change of dates at San Antonio, the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., has changed its dates to Jan. 20-21.

DEC. 29. EDWARD BANKS.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 23.—Though somewhat late in the day, the following scores made by members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of this city, on December 16 will be of interest. No. 1 was a 25-bird race, handicap rise, $20 entrance; No. 2 was at 10 birds, $10. The Pittsburg *Leader* of Dec. 17, in speaking of the contest in No. 1 event, says:

"The Herron Hill Gun Club shooters enjoyed some magnificent sport at the shoot pulled off yesterday at their grounds on Davis Island. The shoot in question was the second in a series of five at 25 live birds. Four hundred of the best birds ever trapped in this vicinity were used in yesterday's shoot and every man in the contest shot to win. In addition to having the best of birds yesterday the clear, cold weather made an ideal day for trap shooting. Will King and McPherson took first money with 24 birds killed. T. D. Flowers was referee of the match. C. A. May looked like a winner from the start. He brought down 17 birds in succession, the best run of the day. After the tenth round there were five new men with a clean score. They were May, McPherson, Alex. King, Will King and Al Hofmeister Alex. King and Hofmeister missed their thirteenth birds and McPherson his fourteenth. This left Will King and May in the lead. King missed his sixteenth bird and May had the lead all to himself. King's bird fell dead out of bounds, and, by the way, this was the only bird he missed all day. May, by missing his eighteenth bird, which also fell dead out of bounds, dropped back in line with the King brothers, Messner and McPherson for the lead, with one miss apiece. Hofmeister having missed three birds. It was nip and tuck now to the finish between the five shooters. Messner was the first to drop behind, missing his nineteenth bird Alex. King missed his twenty first, and the race for first place lay between May, McPherson and Will King. They shot carefully and ran neck and neck to the finish. May missed his last bird, and Will King and McPherson ran out their string without a further miss. They divided first money, amounting to $77. May and Messner divided second money, $57.75. Third money, $38.50, was divided among Jacque, Alex. King and Bonn. Fourth money, $19.25, was taken by Farmer, Hofmeister and Boker."

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W S King (30)	[illegible]—24	[illegible]—10
S McPherson (28)	[illegible]—24	[illegible]—10
C A May (30)	[illegible]—23	[illegible]—10
J G Messner (30)	[illegible]—23	....
A H King (30)	[illegible]—22	[illegible]—10
Jacque (29)	[illegible]—22	....
Born (28)	[illegible]—22	0211211101— 8
Boker (30)	[illegible]—21	[illegible]— 9
Farmer (28)	[illegible]—21	[illegible]—10
Hofmeister (27)	[illegible]—21	0211211101— 8
Bessemer (30)	[illegible]—20	[illegible]—10
T H E (28)	[illegible]—20	....
Smith (28)	[illegible]—18	....
J F B (28)	[illegible]—13	0010012011— 5
Duffy	....	2011121212— 9

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 21.—The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. offered us a trophy, but by mistake sent two of them. We put them up for competition at 50 targets, with drum of E. C. powder for third prize. The scores were:

Tutewiler 47, Beck 46, Wildhack 46, Britton 45, Morris 50, Robinson 42, Cooper 40, Deschler 40, Buck 33, Soswell 23. Wildhack defeated Beck in shooting off tie on 46 for second place.

Beck and Robinson shot two races at 50 targets, each winning one as follows: Robinson 46, Beck 42; Robinson 42, Beck 47

Dec. 18 we shot a few pigeons. All were individual matches for the price of birds: Parry 16, Marott 14 out of 20; Beck 14, Wood 12 out of 15; Holiday 9, Kershner 7 out of 10; Hearsey 10, Robinson 9 out of 10; Deschler 9, Morris 3 out of 10; Cooper 7, Lilly 7 out of 10.

Dec. 31 Beck and Wood will shoot a match at 50 pigeons for $50 a side. Other matches have been made, enough to use 400 birds.

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., will pay us a social visit on New Year's Day. The main event will be be a team race, 10 or more men on each side. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

A New Year's Idyl.

ROLLA HEIKES'S DREAM.

It all happened last September—on the second day of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Harrisburg. The conversation between whiles, that is, while we were waiting to be called to the score, somehow or another turned on millionaires. There was nothing personal about the conversation, not a single millionaire being a member of the little crowd under the tent fly. Rolla wasn't saying a word, but the cigar which he was smoking went out, always a sure sign that he is doing something heavy in the way of thinking. A few minutes later he roused himself, suggested that we should go and get a cup of buttermilk or something of a similar nature, and sauntered off to the restaurant.

On the way there, without a word of warning, he said: "Yes, I'd just like to have a million or so. I'd give the boys a shoot that was a shoot; just give them one real tournament; something to think about and something to talk about. Just imagine what a gathering I'd get together! Purses ranging anywhere from $5,000 for first money down to $50 or $100 for each man in fourth place in any event! No entrance fees and nothing taken out of the purses for targets! Would the boys come to it?"

Just then came the voice of Elmer Shaner: "No. 1 squad, get ready. Heikes 1, Bartlett 2, Edwards 3, Howard 4, Von Lengerke 5, and Capt. Money on the trolley! Let 'er go, boys!" That broke us up, and Rolla's plan for a big tournament passed out of mind.

That same evening, somewhere in the neighborhood of bedtime, I got my key and went up to my room. Hearing voices next door, and knowing that in that room was the eyrie of the Bald Eagle of the Ohio Valley, I tapped, received the proper response and entered. Rolla was lying on his bed listening to Dick Swiveller's disquisition on the merits of Gold Dust. Taking the only vacant chair, I sat down and took upon myself the strain of answering "Yes" and "No" at the proper intervals. Before I'd taken half a dozen puffs at my cigar Rolla was asleep and dead to the world, but Dick still kept on.

Presently Rolla got restless and began to talk in his sleep "Not a cent for entrance fees," we heard him say. Then he kicked out one leg and clenched his right hand, exclaiming, "Let 'em all in? Why of course." He was quiet for a few moments, and Dick utilized those few moments to proceed with his lecture. Then came another, and this time a final interruption. Raising himself into a sitting posture, Rolla said: "Look at them coming! More than half of them will have to walk home! Ha, ha!" and with his laugh he woke up and rubbed his eyes, while Dick and I smiled.

His first words were: "What woke me up? It's a shame, boys, but I was just enjoying the pleasure of giving a perfect tournament." Of course we wanted to know all about it, so he told us his dream in something like the following words:

HIS IDEAL TOURNAMENT.

"You remember our talk this morning about millionaires, and my idea of what sort of a shoot I'd give if I was one of those things? Well, I've just been dreaming that I was worth a million or so, and felt very pleasant over it. Of course, I was bound to have my ideal tournament and give the boys a good time. Ordinarily there's a lot of bother connected with the getting up of a tournament, but when it comes to a dream tournament with a million or so back of it, everything's O. K.

"First thing I did, as far as I can remember, was to get Elmer Shaner, Paul North, Jack Parker and Paul Litzke and set them to work locating grounds for the shoot. Elmer Shaner's hair stood on end when I told him what I proposed to do: $100,000 added, no entrance fees, targets thrown for nothing, everybody's fare paid to and from the shoot from any point in the United States, provided he came and shot through the entire programme and made over 80 per cent.; no hotel expenses. In fact, everything free. Elmer said: 'They'll all come, but a whole lot of them will have to walk home.'

"All Jack Parker said was: 'Let 'em come and we won't do a thing to 'em!'

"Paul North nearly fell off a cane-bottomed chair when I told him that he was to prepare to put in fifty magautraps. (I didn't tell him that I had already given Fred Quimby an order for fifty sets of empire traps).

"Paul Litzke was to look after the scorers. When he saw the long line of traps in prospect, about three miles of them in a straight line, he said he'd have to have a dozen Arkansas mules to ride, or he wouldn't look at the job. I told him he'd have to ride a bicycle or hoof it, so he quit, saying: 'Forest and Stream is good enough for me. Bicycles be jiggered!'

"Then we set to work preparing for the tournament. There was a canopy of the Stars and Stripes over each score, with easy chairs behind each man for him to sit down in case there was a balk at the traps. A little colored chap was posted at each chair with a fly-scarer to keep the flies off any shooter who wasn't breaking straight. In rear of each score was a spacious tent of gayly colored material; and in each tent was any amount of easy chairs for the waiting squads, while cool beverages were served by a colored attendant from a bowl of cracked ice and things that adorned the center of a table in that tent. Cigars and cigarettes could be had for the asking—no limit.

"The music was a great feature. Sousa had charge of everything. The Marine band was there as well as five other magnificent orchestras. In fact there was a band every half mile down the line. Every piece of music played was composed specially for the occasion. What were they? Well, as I remember the names of some of them something like this: 'Parmelee's Patter Song,' 'Fred Gilbert's Lament,' 'The Dago Chief Has Dropped a Target,' 'Charge of the Nitro Brigade,' 'Come Where the Boodle Awaits You,' 'Who Missed that Straightaway,' and so on.

"Halfway between each bandstand was a fountain of perfumed water—eau de Cologne, frangipani, wood violet, attar of roses, etc. Um! but they smelled delicious.

"How about the eating arrangements? They were all right, I can tell you. Every 100yds. was a tent with a full-blown Delmonico restaurant. It was simply a case of 'walk in and order what you want.' That was the sign over the door. As you came out you were confronted with a sign of 'Have you had enough?' We took that down after a bit, as some of the boys—Seth Clover among the number—wouldn't leave the tents because, as they said, they never knew when they'd had enough.

"Then you ought to have seen the arrangements for transferring the shooters from one end of the line to the other. Two tracks of rails were laid down behind the tents, and trains drawn by noiseless motors ran up and down on about one minute headway. There was nothing to pay, and you got on and off at any point of the journey you wanted to.

"The cashier's department was no trouble at all. There were no entries to take; only money to pay out to the winners after the shoot was all over or when a fellow went broke at poker over night. We took I. O. U's from anybody who could produce proof that he wanted a few dollars to help him along 'until the shoot was over.'

"I suppose you think that we'd have some trouble preventing the boys re-entering several times for the same event. We fixed that all right. Agents met every train about fifty miles from the scene of the shoot and made up squads from the men on that train, giving each man a diamond badge with a number on it and a ticket showing where he commenced to shoot; that is, what set of traps he was to shoot on first. He commenced at that set of traps and went down the line from right to left until he reached the last set, when he went back to the head set (No. 1) and shot down the line until he'd got back to the set he started on. Then he was through. Every event was at 25 targets, and at the end of the shoot there was to be a grand drawing: 100 numbers were to be put into a wheel, and the first number out was to be the number of the event in which scores for the largest prizes were to count, and so on. No one could tell until the drawing took place what prize he was in for.

"Took a long time to shoot? Of course it did. The programme called for 100 events of 25 targets each. Each man had to shoot 250 targets a day, so that the shoot was to last just ten days, with an extra day for distributing prizes.

"Of course it was impossible to get a place where we could hold the shoot close to a city of any size. But I didn't care. We located away out on some prairie; ran a track from the railroad to the grounds. Put in a few miles of sidetracks, and held the Pullman cars for the boys to roost in while at the shoot. Built a few small hotels for those who were unable to sleep in the upper berths, and had one or two houses specially built, sort of bomb-proof, away off from the others, where we located all known and proved snorers of any ability. Then we had sidetracks for freight cars There were solid trains of freight cars packed with cases of loaded shells of all kinds and also many car loads of bluerocks and empires.

"It took an army of railroad employees to handle the freight that came in daily, such as Chicago beef, mutton, etc., not to speak of the car loads of ice and other things that are used with that article. On the first day we ran out of mint, and there was at once a gentlemanlike remonstrance from our friends from the South. It didn't occur again, but I had to send off a special train to bring in a fresh supply.

"Oh! boys, I tell you it was great, and I was just enjoying myself when you woke me up. Get out of here. I want to go to sleep again and find out who won the money. Good night."

Such was Rolla's dream. Edward Banks.

A dispatch to the New York Sun from Long Branch, N. J., dated Dec. 22, states that the Ivins Woolley match, scheduled for that date, did not come off, owing to Woolley refusing to shoot unless Ivins put up twice the amount of stake money already agreed upon. The match was arranged for 100 birds per man.

North Texas Gun Club League.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16.—At Waxahachie, Tex., on Dec. 9-10 was held the fourth tournament of the North Texas Gun Club League, under the auspices of the Waxahachie Gun Club. The weather on both days was simply charming, in fact, rather too warm on the 10th than otherwise The grounds on which the shooting was done are exceedingly good, though rather difficult of access, owing to the long intervals at which the horse cars run, and, moreover, the distance one has to walk after leaving the cars. But when once on the spot one feels fully repaid for all small inconveniences, for really a more jovial, pleasant and hospitable set of men than those who compose the home club would be exceedingly hard to find. There is one man, however, whom I must particularly mention, and that is the worthy president of the League, K. M. Moore, of Farmersville. Be it North, South, East or West, we all know him, and when he extends his hand and greets you a glow of warmth wraps itself around one. In paying tribute to Mr. Moore I will mention that he made the highest average during both days at the targets.

The primary object of the League is to bring the shooting men of northern Texas together and to encourage trap shooting generally; therefore many of the matches are purely for a very small entrance, where one competes for merchandise prizes donated by the merchants and citizens of the town in which the tournament is given. Each day a substantial dinner was served gratis on the grounds. The utmost good feeling prevailed, while the evenings were spent by the sportsmen in whatever game or pastime seemed to meet with most general approval.

Badger baiting is quite a sport at Waxahachie, and really one must have pulled—lustily at that—on one end of the string to feebly take in the sport in all its beauty, and under all the excitement and interest it brings about.

Waxahachie is not as big as New York—not quite as broad as Chicago, but nevertheless it will do, and a more pleasant set of sportsmen it would be hard to find anywhere.

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*
WHaggard	7	9	8	8	9	13	9	..	W Norman	8	13	7	14	..	12	..	..
S Becham.	8	13	7	14	8	11	9	..	CD Teutsch	7	10	9	12	9	12	7	..
E J Russell	10	9	9	9	8	11	10	..	J B Boone.	6	7	8	7	4	9	7	7
K M Moore	10	14	10	15	10	13	10	..	T Edwards	3	..	2	5	2	..	4	8
N Hughes.	8	8	6	10	2	12	5	6	L B Howell	5	9	6	11	6	13	10	6
E Worden.	7	7	5	12	8	9	8	6	J B Conlisk	9	13	6	12	9	14	9	..
Thompson	4	7	2	7	6	5	6	6	F Faurote.	10	13	8	13	9	14	9	..
E Jackson.	6	10	8	12	5	10	8	..	J Matthews	8	11	9	12	5	13	10	..
A Wilcox..	7	13	6	14	8	11	7	..	F Arfort...	8	11	8	..	6	11	6	..
D Jackson.	7	13	7	14	7	13	7	..	HE Pickett	7	10	8	13	7	9	7	..
J Maledon.	6	14	7	13	5	13	8	..	A du Bray.	7	11	9	10	7	13	6	..
W R Allen.	4	11	7	15	9	11	7	..	C A Strain.	4	6	5	10	5	9	7	5
O Worden.	7	10	6	11	8	12	7	6	A R Stewart	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..
C B Spicer.	3	..	4	..	2	..	3	7	F Meredith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
WVPickett	8	11	9	11	7	12	9	..									

A sweep at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys, was shot, with the following result: D. Jackson, 7; Norman, E. A. Worden and Wilcox, 6; Faurote, Strain, Teutsch and Matthews, 5; W. V. Pickett, Becham, Du Bray, H. E. Pickett, Hughes, Haggard, Allen, Moore and Maledon, 4; Conlisk, Boone and Edwards, 3; Russell, Howell and O. W. Worden, 2.

In a 20-target extra the following scores were made: Moore, 20; Norman and Faurote, 19; Teutsch, 18; Russell, 17; Du Bray, 16; Stewart, Becham and Wilcox, 15; Haggard and Allen, 14; Howell, 11.

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*20*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*20*
D T Dodd.	7	11	8	8	8	13	8	..	K Moore..	10	14	8	15	9	20	8	..
Haggard...	8	10	7	7	7	15	10	..	J Maledon.	7	..	7	13	10	19	10	16
A Wilcox..	7	13	8	12	8	19	9	20	Lautzn'st'r	..	13	10	13	..	18	5	..
O B Sims..	9	14	10	12	8	18	..	..	Williams..	..	7	5	13	7	15	8	..
F Faurote.	8	12	10	14	10	19	10	17	W George.	..	10	7	10	4	14	6	..
W Norman	7	15	9	13	9	19	10	16	F Arfort...	..	6	8	11	5	..	6	..
L Howell..	7	5	8	7	8	13	6	5	S Becham.	..	13	4	11	..	17	..	..
H Pickett..	8	..	7	12	8	15	..	..	C A Strain.	..	7	6	4	6	15	8	..
C Teutsch.	8	12	10	13	9	20	..	19	T Edwards	..	..	1	3	0	..	..	..
E Worden.	10	14	8	12	8	16	8	..	A du Bray.	..	..	8	12	8	19	10	..
C Scherer.	8	11	8	14	9	18	9	20	A Stewart.	..	..	9	..	10	13	..	..
Matthews..	9	14	9	14	9	15	..	..	W R Allen.	..	..	6	..	7	16	..	..
E Blocker.	8	11	5	12	9	14	9	19	L Fowler..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
J B Boone.	6	9	8	8	9	16	8	11	W Lomax.	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..
J Thomson	5	8	7	10	8	17	6	..	F Meredith	..	..	..	..	8	18	..	..
C B Spicer.	6	..	3	8	1	12	..	..	W Pickett.	..	..	..	..	8	17	10	15
E Russell..	7	8	10	14	5	16	10	..	N Hughes.	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	17

A consolation race, 10 targets, 25 cents entrance, merchandise prizes, resulted as follows: Blocker and Thomson 9, Boone, Hughes, Fowler, George and Meredith 6, Lomax and W. V. Pickett 5, Strain and Edwards 4, Dodd 3

An event at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, four moneys, was also shot, with the following result: Du Bray and Maledon 9, Scherer and Blocker 8, Worden, Wilcox, Faurote, Hughes and Moore 7, Thomson and Haggard 6, Teutsch, Lomax and Russell 5, Norman and Matthews 4, Lautznester, Allen, Becham, Boone and W. V. Pickett 3, Strain 2.

The five-men team race for the E. C. Powder Company's cup resulted in a win for the Waxahachie team, which scored 89 out of its 100. This total was tied by the Honey Grove team, but as it was a made up team its score did not count for the cup. The scores were:

Waxahachie No. 1 team: Teutsch 20, Maledon 19, Sims 18, W. V. Pickett 17, H. E. Pickett 15—89.

Greenville team: Norman 19, Lautznester 18, Becham 17, Williams 15, George 14—83.

Dallas Clippers team: Faurote 19, Russell 17, Worden 16, Allen 16, Haggard 15—83.

Waxahachie No. 2 team: Meredith 18, Thomson 17, Boone 16, Strain 15, Howell 13—79.

Dallas team: Hughes 19, Du Bray 19, Dodd 13, Stewart 13, Spicer 12—76.

Honey Grove team: Moore (Farmersline) 20, Wilcox (Golathwate) 19, Matthews (McKinney) 18, Scherer (Farmersline) 18, Blocker (Farmersline) 14—89.

Gaucho.

Country Club of Westchester.

New York, Dec. 23.—The shooting grounds at the Country Club of Westchester were well patronized to-day. The programme for the day was a lengthy one, and those present had plenty of shooting. The weather was charming for the season of the year, although there was plenty of snow on the ground. The air was brisk and keen, with a cloudless sky overhead.

Three cup shoots at unlimited number of birds (handicaps of misses as no birds and misses as kills being awarded to the weaker shooters) were shot off; in addition to those three shoots, ten miss-and outs, $5 entrance, were also shot.

Cup shoot No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5, those handicapped at 27yds. and forward receiving one miss as a kill. This cup was won by P. H. Adee with a score of 5 kills. The scores were:

P. H. Adee (27) 5, E. C. La Montagne (26) 4, W. G. Brokaw (29) 3, W. H. Butler (28) 3, B. F. Kittridge (28) 2, George Work (31) 2, W. S. Edey (28) 2, J. Seaver Page (28) 1, F. G. Moore (29) 1, H. R. Gilbert (29) 0.

In the following two cup shoots no account is taken of previous misses made by the allowance men. No. 2 was shot under the following conditions: Miss-and-out, $5 entrance, those handicapped below 28yds. to receive an allowance of one miss as a kill; first round, all to shoot at 25yds., and then all to go back 1yd. on each round until the 30yd. mark is reached; winner to receive a cup and 60 per cent. of the sweep, and the second 25 per cent.

No. 3 was shot under the following conditions: Miss-and-out, $5 entrance; 29yds and back, miss-and-out; 28yds., one miss as no bird; 27yds. and forward, two misses as no birds. Cup and 60 per cent. to the winner, and 25 per cent. to second.

The scores in these two events were as below:

	Cup No. 2.		Cup No. 3.	
J Seaver Page (28)	20	—1	....	
			20	—1
F G Moore (29)	2221222222222	—13	2222122222122220	—16
H Gilbert (29)	2220	—5	22222122222222220	—17
W G Brokaw (29)	221220	—6	220	—3
B F Kittridge (28)	2220	—3	....	
P H Adee (27)	220	—2		
George Work (31)	220	—2	20	—1
W S Edey (28)	2220	—3	2221222222220	—12
E C La Montagne (26)	2221222222220	—12	2222212210	—10
W H Butler (28)	20	—1	222122221222222222	—18
T W Thorne (26)	22222222220	—9	2221222222222220	—16
N D Thorne (27)	....		22222210	—7

The results in the 10 miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, were as below, the scores of the winners alone being given:

First, Moore and Kittridge, 3; second, Moore and Kittridge, 4; third, Page and Gilbert, 6; fourth, Moore and Brokaw, 4; fifth, Moore, Work and Butler, 7; sixth, Moore and Brokaw, 9; seventh, Moore and Page, 6; eighth, Moore and Brokaw, 8; ninth, Gilbert and Butler, 7; tenth, Moore and Butler

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 19.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its regular semi-monthly club shoot at its grounds, Southwark, Pa.; nineteen members taking part in the main event. Murphy, with a handicap allowance of 3 misses as breaks, scored a highest possible, the same counting as 3 points to his record. Gregory, who had 7 misses as breaks, broke 20, and of course was also credited with a highest possible, and had 3 points added to his score for the year's prizes. The detailed score given below shows the records made to-day by those who shot in the club event. Everything was shot at unknown angles. In addition to the club shoot three sweeps at 5 targets per man, ties miss and-out, 25 cents entrance, were shot off for turkeys, one turkey to each event. In No. 1 Woodsteger, Day and Murphy were the only ones out of fourteen entries to score straight. On the shoot-off Woodsteger won by breaking 6 more targets, Day breaking 5 and Murphy 2 in the tie. No. 2 turkey was won by Mink, who outshot Gregory and Apgar in the third round of the ties. Turkey No. 3 was won by Murphy without a shoot-off, no one else breaking 5 targets. There were eleven entries in each of the last two events. Scores in the club shoot were:

		Hcp.	Tl.	Points
Gregory (7)	1100111111111110110111101—20+	7	25	3
Murphy (3)	1101111110111111111111111—18+	3	25	3
Ford (5)	1111100101111110111011101—19+	5	24	2
Apgar (5)	1000101111111111111010111—19+	5	24	2
Reed (8)	1001010101110111011111010—16+	8	24	2
French (4)	1101110111101001111011101—19+	4	23	1
Mink (4)	1110111011101111001110111—19+	4	23	1
A Brier (7)	0110101101010110111111010—16+	7	23	1
Devoe (3)	1111111111010100111011011—19+	3	22	..
Day (4)	0111100010111110111111101—18+	4	22	..
Lane (3)	1110111011010011111110011—18+	3	21	..
Rowers (3)	1110101001010110111111011—17+	3	20	..
Numbers (3)	1011011011001110110110111—17+	3	20	..
Woodsteger (4)	1000101001100111110110011—14+	4	18	..
Mount (9)	1010100000110100010000001— 8+	9	17	..
Anthony (3)	0110001010011111001000111—13+	3	16	..
Scheetz (10)	0011000000111100000000000— 6+	10	16	..
Price (4)	0011010010000110100001101—10+	4	14	..
Stoffer (4)	0000001011000000011101000— 7+	4	11	..

FLORISTS VS. U. OF P. G. C.

Dec. 19.—The Gun Club of the University of Pennsylvania and the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia, have arranged a series of three team races at targets. To-day's match was the first of the series, and was shot on the grounds of the University Gun Club, at Fernwood, Pa. The second match will be shot on the grounds of the Florists Gun Club, at Wissinoming, early in January.

The Florists had an easy victory to-day, winning by 28 breaks with the score of 142 to 114. Mr. P. M. Peltz was referee; J. K. Starr scorer. The conditions were: 3 traps, rapid-firing system, known traps, 25 targets per man, 8 men to a team. Scores were:

Florists.	
W K Park	1111111111111110101011111—22
Coifiesh	1111111111011010111111101—21
Cartledge	0101111111111011011111111—21
Anderson	1011111111100111110111101—20
Burton	1101001111111110011000001—16
G O Bell	1111100011111101000110000—15
Reid	1111000101110110101000011—14
Carlisle	1101101011101010100010001—13—142
University.	
Kistler, '98	1011011111110111101111111—21
Freed, '97	1010111001111111101010111—18
Cooper, '98	0010011101111110011111110—17
Wilson, '99	0101100101100100110111101—14
Singer, '99	0100100000011011110110 0—12
Steel, '99	1010011001101001011000 0—12
Swain, '98	1000000101110011010100—11
Paul, '99	0100000100110000010011101— 9—114

MURPHY VERSUS WILLIAMS.

Dec. 21.—Peter Murphy and Harry Williams, both of Philadelphia, shot a race to-day on the Stockton, N J, Gun Club's grounds, the conditions being 50 live birds per man, use of one barrel only, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing; Murphy at 25yds., Williams at 21yds. Murphy won easily, his opponent retiring at the end of the 40th round. How well Murphy shot is best shown by his score of 42 out of his first 44 shot at. William Moore was referee; J. K. Starr, official scorer. Scores, showing the flight of each bird, were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Murphy........1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 • 0 1 • 1 0—20—44

Williams.......0 • 1 0 1 1 • 0 1 1 • 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—17
1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 w —10—27

J. K. S.

Joplin Gun Club.

Joplin, Mo., Dec. 24.—We tried our hands at live birds to-day, and inclose you scores. We were disappointed in not getting as many birds as bought, and the 25-bird race, $25 entrance, that we were to have had was not shot. We will, however, make another effort soon. After the live-bird shooting we shot four 20-target events, the scores of which I inclose. The scores made by McIlhaney and Cox at targets were very poor for them, and were no doubt caused by their only having double guns to use. Both of the gentlemen use Winchesters at targets.

Our shooters are ready for the San Antonio shoot next month, and our club will furnish a squad of producers who will ship 10,000 shells next week. The fact that the magautrap is to be used will keep a good many of our shooters from attending on account of not having had an opportunity to practice with it. Scores to-day were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
McIlhany (32)	12222—5	11222—5	1020122222—8
Best (32)	21210—4	12022—4	0121221111—9
Calhoun (32)	12222—5	11022—4	2122021112—8
Morgan (30)	21222—5	00011—2	0120110211—7
Sergeant (32)	21222—5	22202—4	2222222220—9
Kinmonth (31)	21222—5	22022—4	2020220202—7
Sumner (32)	.....	22022—4	0012200200—5
Horn (30)	.....	.....	0201122111—8
Huffman (32)	.....	.....	0211221201—8
Cox (28)	.....	.....	1012010001—5
Webster ([illegible])	.....	.....	2101021010—6

The scores in the four target sweeps, 20 targets per man in each event, unknown angles, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Huffman	16	..	..	..	Webster	14	16	13	16
McIlhany	16	15	15	19	Cragin	14	13	14	..
Calhoun	19	15	..	..	Sergeant	20	15	19	20
Cox	16	12	18	18	Best	15	..	..	..
Horn	16	..	..	..	C Dixon	15	16	..	..
Sumner	12	13	16	18	A Dixon	..	10	..	..
Kinmonth	19	18	16	..					

W. G. S.

The Texas Midwinter.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dates of the Midwinter are again changed to read, "25-29 of January, 1897." The Land Seekers' excursion trains will leave every point in Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Wisconsin. All points bounded on the West by Chicago, Springfield, St. Louis and Cairo; on the South by Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Parkersburg; on the East by Pittsburg and Buffalo; on the North by Toronto, Port Huron, Detroit and Lansing. Tickets sold from Atlanta, Rome, Dalton, Anniston, Opelika, Childersburg and Memphis. These tickets are good for twenty-one days and return, and sold at one fare for the round trip plus $2.

Everything will be in readiness for what we firmly believe will be the greatest tournament ever held in America. We will have magautraps and the "gang." The country is alive with game, and the visitors will be entertained by all southwestern Texas. To give you an idea of the wildfowl shooting on our coast, I will say that a party of eight men shot 500 shells each in half a day. One man shot two and one-half shells per minute for 200 consecutive minutes. Deer are very plentiful, but the visitors will not get a chance at that kind of game, as our season closes on the 20th. But all can be surfeited with turkey and four varieties of quail. The jacksnipe shooting is also the best in the world.

O. C. Guessaz.

Walter R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., and Eugene Magee, of Trenton, N. J., shot a match at 50 live birds per man on the Elkwood Park grounds, Wednesday, Dec. 23. Patten won by 40 to 37.

Trap at Chicago.

CARVER—147.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 21.—As wired to FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Carver to-day defeated 147 (J. L. Winston) in the third and fourth races of the six in which they have been engaged. The conditions were, as given earlier, 50 live birds, $80 a side, A. S. A. rules. A very small crowd gathered to see the events, though the number of spectators was larger in the afternoon. Among those from outside the city were: Messrs. W. F. Ellis, of Winnipeg; E. E. Ellis, of Seattle; A. P. Pentz, of the Spratts Patent, New York; C. M. Wills, of Cleveland, the latter representing the Austin Cartridge Co. The birds were brisk and strong. The wind was light from northwest by west, making it blow from the score at a left-quartering angle. This prevailed till near the end of the first race, when the wind shifted to blow in, though but weakly. It became apparent to those who have known the history of Watson's several parks that the new park is not by any means so good as the old one, which was very fast. As the grounds are now laid out they are not fast, for the wind does not often blow in such direction that the birds will rule outgoers, as was the case on the old grounds. Instead of these grounds being the hardest in this part of the country, they are now no harder than many others. The position of the score cannot be changed, for the firing would then be toward a street which runs by the side of the gate.

Carver to-day shot in fine form, and with his usual elegance of style. Winston was plainly not in the form of last week, and his nerves were not working as smoothly as they should. At times he was swift and accurate, and again he waited an apparently interminable time with his first or his second. At times he thus got down long and hard kills, but the style will not win races, and it lost him too many birds to land him first, though in long reaches of the race he showed a brilliant gait, and kept up the favorable impression he made last week as to his improvement and style. Score:

THIRD MATCH.

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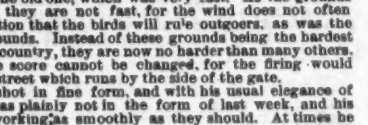

After the first match all hands went in for lunch, and it seemed to have a bad effect, for at the beginning of the next race both men shot like rank amateurs, slobbering their birds as though they had never shot at pigeons before. Carver's score does not show the quality of this shooting, for in his first dozen birds he was in great luck, some of his birds falling up close to the wire, and one actually striking the wire and falling back inside. The birds were strong and good, none being flagged in the 200 shot at in the two races. Carver's luck at the first half dozen birds gave him inspiration, and he came on in good shape. Winston, on the other hand, seemed breaking up, and made two or three rank misses at easy birds which he should have cut to pieces. Carver increased his win of 2 birds in the first match by going out 7 ahead in the second. Scores:

FOURTH MATCH.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Dec. 22.—To day Dr. Carver and Winston continued their interesting argument with two more races, which also were against the man from Cleveland. Winston was now fast breaking up and not in any wise shooting as the same man who beat George Roll so decisively last week. The weather was wretched, as only Chicago weather could be, and Winston had been suffering with neuralgia for three days. He had made a diet of quinine, soup and coffee, and this, with the many worries to which he had been subjected here, now began to show a very natural effect. He practically went to pieces, and did what he was never known to do in a race before, evincing a marked nervousness in his shooting. He more than once shot into the ground wide of his birds, and once actually missed a sitting bird with his second, thus driving the bird out and losing it. Winston's going off form deprived the races of much of their natural interest, as everyone knows he does not belong as low as 20 or 30 out of 50 on any sort of birds, even the very fast ones which were served to-day. Dr. Carver could not to-day repeat his score of 94 of yesterday, but was able to do 90, which needed fast and fine shooting as it was. The wind to-day came from back of the score, and the birds ruled much faster and harder, the number of incomers being much less. Carver gave a fine exhibition of shooting, though with no one to crowd him. Winston, who was really a sick man, came home at night much cast down, and required the persuasion of his friends to convince him that he was still a shooter. He could not see why he could not live on quinine and coffee and still be a good shot. It was apparent to his friends that he was game as ever, but had not the physical constitution to carry out what his will asked of his body. He was advised to try a little food and sleep, and this he had time to do, for his next race did not fall until Thursday, this giving him a clear day for rest. In the opinion of his intimate friends the real cause of Winston's breaking up was not in the closeness of his races, but in the mental worries and troubles to which he has for several days been subjected. He was shooting under very great strain, and there comes a time to every man when the strain becomes too much. Following are the scores:

FIFTH MATCH.

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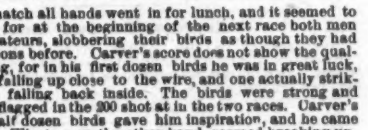


SIXTH MATCH.

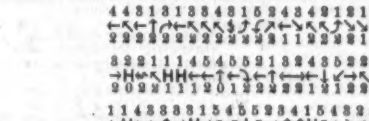
This result leaves Dr. Carver winner of four out of the six matches for which he challenged Winston, but also leaves the latter winner of his side bet of $100, so that the men broke even financially, and Winston more than accomplished all that he was bound to do by the terms of the matches. He expressed himself as vindicated by the winning of his side bet, but much mortified that he made such a poor showing in the last matches. Both he and all who knew the circumstances commended Dr. Carver for making good his original proposition, which it is not now likely he will make over again.

CARVER—GRIMM.

Dec. 23.—To-day, Wednesday, was the time set for the match for the Cast Iron medal indicative of the live-bird championship, Dr. Carver, holder of same by forfeit, having been challenged by Charlie Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., to shoot for this rugged emblem. This time Carver kept up his good form, but he was not good enough to win, the Iowa strong man going out ahead after one of the most remarkable races, or rather one of the most remarkable scores, ever shot in the country. The scores are not so good as they look on paper, for the birds were shot in a snowstorm and did not fly at all, but even had they been tied at the traps the score of 98 birds in the air is a great one, and one but rarely seen on any grounds. It is the largest made on these grounds since Charlie Budd shot Frank Kleints, scoring 98, with one or two dead out, I do not remember which. That race I saw, and it was under harder conditions than this of to-day, for it was in flying weather.

To-day the sky was lowering and the light which came through the fluff of snow was dim, coppery and dull. One could hardly see to score the race, and a bird a little way beyond the traps was like a gray ghost. Confused by the storm, the birds did not know which way to fly, and the majority rose high in the air above the traps, flopping up slowly, and then heading for the buildings as soon as they saw them. This made them rule high side shots, so it was like chopping off their heads with a hatchet. Not a dozen birds went out with anything like speed, and of these half were missed, the men being unable to quicken up the slow time which the other shooting demanded of them. It was a most monotonous affair, and of course not even the men engaged in it could call it a good pigeon race. It was simply a day for a record, and the opportunity was not allowed to escape. By this no wish to belittle the shooting is expressed, for as all know it is very easy to miss somewhere in 100 shots, and on even the easiest of birds the gun, the load and the man must be just right or there will be a slip somewhere. Grimm shot in perfect form or he could not have done what he did. Carver was in practically equal form or he could not have come up within two birds of such a score. One could not ask a day more perfect for killing a thousand straight, but if this had been proposed one could not have picked a man more apt to do it on that day than the one who all but killed a hundred straight. The two birds that Grimm lost were quick flyers that got up and away too far for the second to stop them. Both these were drivers, but both were high at the time the second was fired. I have marked many birds in the score with the letter H. While such birds did not actually hover over the trap, they were really nearer hoverers than flyers, the height gained in their flight at the time they were struck being greater than their distance from the trap. Reference to the score sheet shows the letter F four times, indicating that that many birds were flagged to start. The style of the shooting requires small comment. It may be seen that it was regular and methodical to the extreme. Carver was surprised when told he had but half a dozen more birds to shoot at. If there was any luck in the race it fell to Carver, who came near falling back another bird on his 96th, that bird being retrieved by the pointer Cyclone almost against the wire. Carver's 40th, 45th, 48th, 56d, 61st and 76th birds were among his hardest. His 95th was a high twister, but not fast. His 14th bird was luckily stopped at his very feet. The race had few of the interesting features of a hot match on fast birds, and so was a much tamer affair than all who noted the matching of these two good ones had hoped to see. Grimm ran his first 51 straight, and dropped his two lost birds inside the first 60, running 41 straight on the home reach. Carver ran 47 at one stretch in the middle of the match. The weather was not cold, but sharp enough for good flying had it been bright and free of snow. It was said no two such scores were ever made on any of Watson's grounds before. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



In his race with Dr. Carver, Mr. Grimm shot an L. C. Smith ejector gun, with factory loaded U. M. C. ammunition. Smokeless cases charged with 3¼drs. of Schultze powder. Dr. Carver shot a Cashmore gun, but upon being asked for a description of his ammunition declined to give it out for publication. His long green U. M. C. trap shells are well known.

147—GILBERT.

Dec. 24.—The last of the important races or the week occurred today, this being the time set for the race between Winston and Fred Gilbert, Winston having conceded all points asked of him by Gilbert; the last being that the live birds should be shot first in the two races of the combination match. The terms were as follows: 100 live birds, A. S. A. rules, at 30yds.; and 100 targets, unknown traps, known angles, one man up, expert rules; the totals of both matches to count. The races of to day offered a curious study on shooting and shooters. There was a reversal of form on the part of both Winston and Gilbert. Winston had taken 50grs. of quinine within the last thirty-six hours, and was well keyed up. At the score he said in his characteristic fashion, "I've got the best head on me to-day there is in America, if my constitution will come up to it." His shooting showed that he was a different man from that of Tuesday, though occasional patchy places and frequent long waits in getting on his bird showed that he was in bad nervous condition after all, and not in shape to make a great showing in a hard race. As for Gilbert, he was apparently in perfect health, and made no complaint of any ill feeling whatever. Yet he made the lowest score of his life, one which any duffer could beat, and one which has never been made on any grounds by any professional shooter of the country. Gilbert could find no explanation whatever for it, for he should be in perfect fettle and not in the least "shot out," as he has been resting of late and only doing shooting enough to keep in practice. His load when seen on the snow seemed a bit wide, but gun and load were not the cause of his trouble; he was slow in his nerves somewhere, and it could be easily seen that he made the fatal mistake of dwelling as he fired, getting his lead and then stopping to pull the trigger. Consequently he was always behind and under any good outgoing bird. He slobbered down a good many birds out of bounds for this reason. Grimm, who was handling him, told him what was wrong, but it seemed impossible for Gilbert to quicken up and get on with his second, though he at times made good fast stops with the first. Time after time the birds would go out through his tardy charge, some of them to drop outside, but most of them hardly tickled, and it was generally felt that Gilbert was clear wrong somewhere, as 68 birds to the 100 is not a score which belongs with Fred Gilbert's name by any means. But he should not be disheartened by this at all. It is only another phase of the pigeon game, which is one of the oddest of all games and the hardest to depend upon. It more than ever proves the truth of the belief of all knowing shooters, that there is not and can never be any one man who can claim with justice the title of champion. No man can beat all the good ones all the time, and the luck of respective form is what makes the quality of a race when two good ones come together. Next week Gilbert may feel worse and shoot better. There is no accounting for it.

To-day the birds were screamers, not one needing the flag. The wind made them rule outgoers, and they tarried not on their going. These birds were taken from the same coops as those of yesterday, but they did not offer the same spectacle by any means. The weather was bright and clear, with a keen, fresh air, and a bit of wind moving to give life to the flight. On the ground was a couple of inches or so of snow, and the glare from this was very trying, as the sun was almost directly in the eyes of the shooters. Winston adopted the old mountain trick of blackening his face and nose with cork, which helped his eyes very much. Gilbert used a long visored cap. Both said that at times it was next to impossible to see a fast bird as it went out over the snow.

Winston was chipper and "easy" before the race began, and seemed more like himself. He was not averse to making a cheerful remark or so at some of his own kills, occasionally reminding the spectators that he did it with "load 147." He could have killed perhaps three or four more birds if he had been crowded to it, but he struck one of his fooling streaks, and at times apparently tried to see how long he could wait and still kill his bird. Once or twice he made phenomenal kills in this way, getting a bird down almost at the wire with a screaming second-barrel kill. At other times he lost birds by this sort of thing, and showed what a slow second would have meant in a closer thing than that he had in hand. A study of his form would indicate that he needs a rest and a little less shooting for a while. He should vary his quinine diet with a little beef, and cease depending on nerve which has no red blood behind it. To-day he did not shoot with any of the quality he showed in his match with Roll, and fell back into more of his old irregular way of shooting. He was fast on some birds where he had time, and awfully slow on some where he needed to use every fraction of a second. Winston left town to-night for home in far poorer form than when he came here. As he stood last week he was a hard man to beat, and a better shot than he ever was before in his life. He thinks he is somewhat shot out, and says he will take a rest. Those who think he is going to prove easy hereafter might do well to be a bit cautious.

Gilbert was never in the race at all, but pounded along behind, falling further out of it all the time. As Fred is a deservedly popular shooter, and has many friends here, his bad showing hurt others beside himself. It should not be thought that Gilbert was in any way disconcerted by any of the fabled antics of Jack Winston at the score, for that sort of thing has been abandoned by the latter. The race was shot with perfect pleasantness throughout. Winston stood back of the score, never sitting down at all, Gilbert sitting with his handler between shots. Winston had no handler, as it is his preference to shoot alone. It would be folly to undertake any description of individual birds in a race like this, as so many were missed, and it will do to say that the birds were very good ones, so good that a 90 score would have been better than 96 on the day previous. This race attracted more attention than any yet shot this week, and there was a goodish crowd assembled. The following is the score of the live-bird half, Winston winning by 13 birds:

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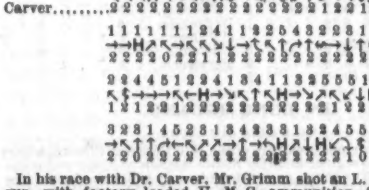

In this race both men used L. C. Smith guns. Winston used his 147 load, and Gilbert shot 3¼drs. Du Pont powder in U. M. C. green trap shells.

Shortly after the close of the live-bird match the party adjourned to the target traps to settle the other half of the affair. A few practice birds were shot, and the traps were put in as good shape to comply with the rules as possible. I neglected to ascertain what targets were used. Ike Watson was chosen referee, and acted most acceptably, making two or three close but correct decisions. (It goes without saying that John Watson was referee in all the live-bird contests which have occurred during the two weeks of shooting chronicled.) For judge, Winston chose Oswald von Lengerke, Gilbert choosing Charlie Grimm.

In the targets Gilbert pulled himself together better, and shot with something of his old speed and accuracy. The scores are not high, but it should be remembered that the conditions were difficult, the glare from the snow being very bad for the greater part of the race. It was anybody's race for awhile, and the men see-sawed over the tie line, being tied at the 76th round. Gilbert was then getting better, and Winston apparently worse. On Monday night last, as he was going home, Winston in the presence of several friends picked up a hand bill which he saw laying on the ground, and which displayed on its face a large figure 7. He picked up really two of these bills, and tore off the figure 7 from each, putting one figure in each vest pocket. He declared he was going to beat Gilbert just 7 birds in each match. Along toward the close of the target match, when Winston was plainly fooling along and not extending himself at all to shoot, he asked what the score was. He could then have gone out, if he had not missed, with a total of 11 birds ahead of Gilbert, but this did not seem to please him. While I do not feel in a position to say what can not be proved, it seems to me a trifle significant that Winston lost 4 birds out of his last 10, and that he won by the regulation number, 7. I would not consider Winston's score of 77 under these rules as conclusive of what he might do if he were crowded. Gilbert scored 82, a low score for him under favorable conditions. This made the total scores stand: Winston 158, Gilbert 151. Following are the target scores:

147.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—43
1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0—34—77
Live birds..... 61
—
138
Gilbert.....0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—43
1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—40—83
Live birds..... 68
—
151

During the morning Messrs. O. von Lengerke and E. Rice shot a race at 50 live birds, the former scoring 35, the latter 22, as reported elsewhere.

On the evening of Thursday Winston left for his home at Washington, Ind., where he will remain a few days before going on to New York. He has been very welcome in Chicago, and all hope he will come again and stir things up a bit among the pigeon shooters. He has won four races and lost four, winning $400 and losing $300. He was ready to shoot more races last week when he had a few vacant days, but none were ready at that time, and of course he is not apt to come back to attend to the men who will be ready to shoot next week, as he has all along said he was going home for Christmas and then on East. As we have all too little match shooting here now, it would be appreciated if Winston or some other troublesome party with a good nerve and a shooty disposition would drop in and sort of stir up the animals in the old-time way. E. HOUGH.

1308 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—The Boston Shooting Association held a shoot at Wellington to-day. The principal event was a 100-bird handicap race for the W-A trophy, presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. The trophy was won by Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, president of the Association. Sweepstakes were shoot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	10
Allison.....	9	10	19	23	18	24	8	Bond.....	9	8	17	22	23	19	10
Jones.....	8	10	18	20	21	23	10	Dickey.....	7	9	21	20	23	17	9
Puck.....	6	9	21	23	21	24	9	Oliver.....	6	9	19	21	22	20	8
Pray.....	7	9	18	21	17	23	8	Henry.....	5	7	16	20	19	21	7
S Wood.....	7	8	19	22	18	23	10	Ellsworth....	10	7	22	19	21	16	10

Change of Dates at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 23.—To keep in line with the San Antonio Midwinter tournament we have changed the dates of our sparrow shoot from Jan. 14 and 15 to Jan. 20 and 21.

Leaving here on the evening of the second day, we will reach San Antonio 7:15 P. M. the 23d.

The indications are that we will have a good attendance, and enough going to Texas to enable us to secure party rates and a special sleeper through. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

This issue is the first of the series for 1897. It is fitting at this date to remind shooters that on Jan. 1 Tom Keller starts in to boom King's Smokeless and Peters's reinforced shells. Neaf Apgar also puts a red mark against Jan. 1, that being the date on which his connection with the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O., formally commences. Another business connection with the King Powder Company is that made by Jack Parker, of Detroit, who will in future shoot King's Smokeless and show what Milt Lindsley's production can do when handled properly.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—As usual, the Boiling Springs Gun Club of Rutherford, N. J., had a goodly gathering at its annual Christmas Day shoot. The weather could not have been pleasanter for a shoot in midwinter, with a foot of snow on the ground. The beauty of the day had a good deal to do with the attendance, and probably also had something to do with the good scores made by many of those present.

The main event was a handicap at 30 targets, club handicap of extra targets to shoot at. Adams, by grace of his two extra targets and some good work with the gun, scored a highest possible; the same may be said of Dr. De Wolf, one of the coming shots of the club, who had three extras to work on. Baron was close up, with 29 out of 33, showing that he didn't miss many. Colin R. Wise was top-notcher of the scratch men, his score being mainly made up of the figure 1. Greiff and Apgar scored 27, Huck and Paul 26, and Frank 25, all the above shooting from scratch.

A feature of the afternoon's sport was the shoot for a cup donated by the club for "the champion duffer of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club". For some time there has been a dispute between Messrs. O. Marvin, C. Coe and F. Broshart as to who had the right to that title. To-day the question was to be settled in the club handicap race by mutual agreement. It will be seen from the scores that Mr. Marvin outclassed his opponents by breaking 25 out of 38 to their totals of 24 out of 39. This work deprived him of all chance of the trophy. The tie was shot off after the club race at 10 targets per man, Coe breaking 6 to Broshart's 5. This entitled Mr. Broshart to the title and the cup. Later, in the club room, he was presented with the trophy by Count Lenone, of Passaic, who made a really excellent speech on the occasion, his remarks being very happily chosen. The terms of the cup are "two consecutive wins to entitle the owner to the ultimate possession thereof." Mr. Broshart has thus but to win it next time to become the owner of the trophy. (The cup is a work of the tinsmith's art, being of beaten metal with a couple of handles on it, an exact copy of many loving cups we have seen. It was made under Secretary Huck's directions, a shield of copper being on one side and a copper pigeon on the other. On the shield was engraved, "Presented to the champion duffer of the club by the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club." The engraving was the work of ex-Capt. P. A. Jeanneret.) It is unnecessary to state that the presentation as above put a fitting climax to the club's Christmas Day shoot.

The work done during the day is given in full below, the table of scores giving the records of the sweeps, all of which were at unknown angles, nominal entrance fees:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Apgar	9	8	8	8	13	Marvin	..	..	..	6	10
Hegeman	9	8	9	5	..	Lane	..	..	..	5	..
Huck	9	9	9	8	14	Lawrence	..	..	..	2	..
Adams	8	10	8	9	12	Black	..	..	..	..	9
James	8	6	..	7	..	Brown	..	..	..	..	4
Coe	..	..	5	7	..	Wise	..	..	..	..	9
Greiff	..	..	9	8	14	Palmer	..	..	..	..	12
Frank	..	..	..	8	14						

The merchandise event was shot at 30 singles, 15 known angles and 15 unknown. The scores in detail were as below, all handicap allowances being shot off at unknown angles:

Adams (32)..........11101111111111111111111101111111111—30
De Wolf (33)..........111111111111111101011111111111011—30
Baron (33)..........111111011111111111111110011101111—29
Wise (30)..........111111111111111111110'11111101—28
Lane (35)..........11119111111111111111011110011011010—28
Blake (35)..........01111111110 01110111010 011111111—28
Apgar (30)..........101101111111111101111111111111—27
Greiff (30)..........111101110111111110111111111—27
Huck (30)..........111110111101111101111'01111111—26
Paul (30)..........101111111111111111110111111111—26
Abbott (33)..........111111010110111010111'110101111—26
Frank (30)..........110111101110011011111111111111—25
Marvin (38)..........01111011100 0011011101011011011111100—25
Broshart (39)..........001101001110100111101101010111011101—24
Coe (39)..........011010101110101111101001101101001010111—24
Hegeman (33)..........111101111010110011001001111100111—22
Palmer (32)..........00111011101010011010101110111111—22
James (33)..........010011101100000110101110111111111—21
Lenone (31)..........110'0001111'01110''00000'111100—17
Evans*..........1101110111000 0000'100100111—17
Weiss*..........0100011111101'00 0 0001100110—16
Lawrence (40)..........11'000100'00100000 000 111000'00000'C0'0—14
Brown (30)..........000110001000000100.011000.00.0000000—10

* Did not shoot any handicap.

Dec. 26.—This being an off day at the Boiling Springs grounds, it was not to be expected that many shooters would put in an appearance. As a matter of fact, only six members showed up: Colin R. Wise, of Passaic; W. M. Harding, Platt Adams, Gus Greiff, Theodore Baron and F. S. Edwards, all of New York. The above six kept the traps busy and had lots of practice. Harding and Edwards being early on the grounds, they had a little preliminary practice and shot a small race for the lunches, all of which is told in detail below. Gus Greiff did the best work of the afternoon on singles, breaking 27 out of 30 at expert rules, and 43 out of 50 at unknown angles. His work on doubles was not as good as we have seen him usually do at this style of shooting. He shoots a featherweight Francotte, 28in. barrels, 12-gauge, a gun that handles more like a toy than a shooting iron. Wise shoots a Parker, Brown a Francotte, Platt Adams a Smith, Harding a Lefever, and Edwards a Winchester.

A curious feature of the shooting was the comparatively low scores made at unknown angles. Greiff was high with 43 out of 50; Edwards next with 103 out of 125; Adams third, 80 out of 100; Wise broke 74 out of 100, and Baron 33 out of 50, each making an average of 72 per cent. Harding, who is only a beginner, scored 88 out of 145. The shooting records in each event are given below:

Ten pairs:

Edwards..........11 10 00 11 11 01 01 11 11 11—15
Harding..........10 10 10 10 10 11 11 00 10 10—11

A match for the lunches at 25 targets, unknown angles, was next on the list, Harding being allowed 3 extra targets to shoot at. He retired at the end of the 25th round, being unable to win if he broke his allowance:

Edwards..........0111111101111101101011111—20
Harding..........1111110101010010010110—16

After lunch, Platt Adams and Colin R. Wise having put in an appearance, the following scores were shot at unknown angles:

F S Edwards.....0011111111111101111101011111110111111111111111001—42
P Adams..........00110111111110111111110110111111101110111111111—41
C R Wise..........111111110110 001111111000111101111111111111001—38
W M Harding..........11111100'010101011011111011110110100101011001110—32

The above 50 targets per man were divided into two 25-target events shot as team races, the teams being Adams and Wise against Harding and Edwards; as a result of this arrangement Adams and Wise went scot free, winning both matches:

The next event was at 50 targets, 30 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs. The results in this race were as below:

Gus Greiff..........111111110 1111101101111111111—27
10 10 01 11 10 01 10 10 11 01 —12—39
F S Edwards..........1101 0111111011111101111110111—25
10 10 01 10 11 11 01 10 11 11 —14—39
Platt Adams..........011011110111011111111 110111 1—25
01 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 00 11 —12—37
T Baron..........101011110101110111110101111111—23
11 10 01 10 10 00 10 11 10 11 —12—35
C R Wise..........1101101110110011111111110011111—23
10 10 00 10 00 10 11 00 11 00 — 8—31
W M Harding..........110111110001100100000011101111—16
01 01 10 11 01 11 00 00 10 00 — 9—25

Two team races brought the afternoon's practice to a close, each at 25 targets per man, unknown angles. In each event the losing team paid for the targets. Greiff shot well in No. 1, running out with 23 after losing his first and third. The results of the races follow:

No. 1.

Edwards	21	Greiff	23
Adams	20	Harding	19
Baron	18—59	Wise	14—56

No. 2.

Edwards	20	Greiff	20
Wise	19	Adams	19
Baron	18—57	Harding	16—55

EDWARD BANKS.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT MARION.

Dec. 25.—The Endeavor Gun Club had a very enjoyable shoot to day at its grounds, Marion, N J. Both live birds and targets were trapped, A. R. Strader furnishing 200 pigeons as good as anyone would wish to see trapped. Among the number were a lot of white birds which were very hard to see when flying low over the snow. Scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lott	2200?0—4	1?10?2212—9	122—3
G Piercy	12?10 0—5	10 10?222—8	011—2
C von Lengerke	02.010?—4	1?00?222?—9	212—3
Dr Mulvany	22?10?04—5	010?10?2?—7	...
A R Strader	2010122—5	22?100?212—8	021—3
Seeley	2001?02—4	1000011?10—5	021—3
Ingram	11 0110—5	012.00.110—6	...
Colman	22?0?11—6	....	...
Metz	2012110—5		...
Dudley	....	000?20222—6	...
Jefferson	....	010.020012—5	202—3
Jones	....	....	100—1
R Strader	....	....	211—3
Fry	....	....	000—0

Target sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	15	20	15	Targets:	20	15	20	15
Lott	16	14	18	13	Wakeman	6	4	10	4
Dudley	15	9	17	11	A R Strader	15	8	15	..
G Piercy	15	14	17	13	Colman	15	6	..	..
Taylor	12	9	13	..	Proctor	13	8	10	..
Ingram	16	10	..	..	Fry	10	9	9	..
Jefferson	11	5	9	..	Hughes	7	..	13	..
C von Lengerke	17	8	11	6	R Strader	..	8	16	..
L Piercy	17	9	..	..	Hollister	..	7	..	..

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 25.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held an all-day shoot to-day. A long list of events was shot off, some of them sweeps for turkeys and chickens. Among the winners of turkeys were Dr. Cummings, Warren Smith, Mel. Hayes, Charles Hedden and E. Jewell. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
D Fleming	7	8	8	6	7	6	6	7	9	6	8	7	10	8	6	10	5	6	8	12
J James	5	5	5	9	7	8	7	9	7	5	5	5	7	7	8	10	9	7	4	12
Winans	5	6	1	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Dr C Smith	3	0	4	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C E Smith	..	9	6	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	7	10	7	9	8	18
Jewell	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	6	..	8	..	6	6	..	8	6	9	13
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	9	..	9	..	8	8	14	9	9	7	17
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	6	..	..	6	5	4	4	5
War Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	8	14	9	9	10	17
Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	6	4	10	16
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	8	6	8	17
J H Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	3	7	18
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12

All events were at 10 targets, except No. 16 (15 targets) and No. 20 (20 targets).

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, held a shoot to-day. Two 25-target events were shot during the day in addition to several 10 target sweeps. In the 25-target events No. 1 was the club shoot; this resulted as follows:

Griffiths 22, Bell 19, Raymond 18, Chaffee 17, Jackson 16, Gardner 15, Warner 15, Van Keuren 14, Stern 14, Ward 12, Fleischman 12, Titterington 11, C. O. Gardner, Jr., 10.

No. 2, at 25 targets, had 10 entries, Horton and Bell tieing for first place on 17 out of 25. Scores:

Horton 17, Bell 17, Jackson 15, Van Keuren 15, Warner 14, C. O. Gardner, Jr. 14, Stern 13, Fleischman 13, C. O. Gardner 11, Chaffee 11.

MAPLEWOOD GUN CLUB

Dec. 26.—The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., shot a race to-day with the Maplewood Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter. The conditions were: 3 men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The home team was defeated by 3 breaks. Scores:

Union Gun Club.

A A Sickley..........1101111111011111111111111—23
E Sickley..........110'0'011101110111101111—19
Dr Jackson..........0011111111101110111101110—19—61

Maplewood Gun Club.

W N Drake..........1111111110111111111011111—23
J W Smith..........1111111111011110111110111—22
D W Van Iderstine..........0010'011010111101010000011—13—58

Sweepstakes were shot as below. Conditions, 10 targets, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
W Drake	9	9	9	9	9	8	..	..	D W Van Iderstine	5	5	..	..	..	..	4	9
J W Smith	8	9	9	5	9	10	..	8	Dr Jackson	7	6	..	..	..	9	9	..
E Canfield	10	6	8	10	8	7	8	7	C C Dean	..	8	9	10	..	..	..	..
A Sickley	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	L Dean	..	8	..	..	7	6	..	..
E Sickley	6	4	6	9	8	..	7	5	Mersereau	4	6	7	..	8	..	..	..
L Colquitt	7	7	8	8	8	..	..	9									
I Soverel	7	7	10	5	..	..	5	5									

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 28.—Twenty one members of the Hell Gate Gun Club took part to-day in the last regular monthly live-bird shoot of the club for the season of 1896. The shoot, as usual, took place at Dexter Park. The birds were a good lot, not a single one of the club's members being able to make a clean score. Jas. A. R. Elliott, however, who has a match on with Fulford at these grounds Dec. 31, was on hand and shot along as a guest of the club, and incidentally showed them how easy it was to make 10 straight. To day's scores were as below, all standing at 28yds., the handicaps being by number of points, as explained below (Elliott stood at 30yds.):

F Trostel	1122221021— 9	C Webber	0110210201— 6
J H Voss	2112'01102— 9	C Lang	0012220122— 7
P Woelfel	•12 022122— 8	Dr Bauer	0222001102— 6
E Doeinck	0222••111•— 6	J Newman	0121012202— 7
L C Muench	1011122112— 9	L Steutzle	1210202022— 7
E Metz	2222011021— 8	D Valenti	1020120111— 7
A Knodel	0022•11120— 6	M Stern	0222002102— 6
E Paynter	211122'200— 8	J Voitek	1010•20101— 5
W A Sands	2022222022— 8	G K Breit	2202020200— 5
E Steffens	0222110212— 8	J Kreeb	1202222102— 8
J Himmelsbach	1221212002— 8	*J A R Elliott	2222222222—10

* Guest.

Twenty prizes are donated by the club this year, the prize winners being given below in order of merit, together with their handicap number of points. Under the system adopted by the Hell Gate Gun Club, points are scored on the following plan: A shooter handicapped at a given number of points must score more birds out of his 10 than his handicap calls for before adding a point or half point to his record for prizes. For example (taking to-day's contest): W. A. Sands scored 8 birds; his handicap being 6, he added 2 points to his record. L. C. Muench scored 9; his handicap being 5½, he added 3½ points to his record. Prizes for 1896 were won as below:

Name.	Handicap.	Total.	Name.	Handicap.	Total.
Gus Nowak	6½	18½	Fred Trostel	7	11
E Doeinck	7	18	S J Held	6	11
L C Muench	5½	15½	J Schlicht	6	11
Emil Steffens	6	15	J Himmelsbach	6	11
E Paynter	6	14	J Newman	4	11
W A Sands	6	13	J H Voss	7	10
John Kreeb	5	13	C Webber	6	9
E Metz	5½	12½	H Foster	5½	9
E Petersen	5	12	Chas Lang	4½	9
R Regan	5	12	E Marquandt	4	9

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Dec 25.—Christmas Day at the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club was marked by some spirited contests at targets. Six sweeps, all 25-target events, were shot by those present, in addition to the main event, the Christmas handicap. The latter was won by Bert Fish, D. G. Geddes, the scratch man, being second. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
D G Geddes	19	20	15	18	21	17	A D Lewis	..	7	..	..	10	..
C H Chapman	10	7	7	..	10	10	F D Lawrence	..	6	..	..	..	..
W Kitchen	6	..	..	7			A W Norris	..	..	..	..	7	11
B Fish	..	19	11	20	22	14	W E Richards	..	..	..	..	..	7

The Christmas handicap was won by Bert Fish. This event was 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, the handicap ranging from 1 to 10. Scores in detail were:

Fish..........1111111111111111110111111—24+ 1—25
Geddes..........1111101111111101011111111 —22
Lawrence..........1111000100111101000001010—12+10—22
Chapman..........1001000001000111101100111—12+ 7—19
Norris..........1000010111001000000111001—10+ 8—18
Lewis..........1000000001100100000100100— 6+ 7—13

Dec. 26.—The following sweeps were shot this afternoon on the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club. Bert Fish carried off the bulk of the honors. Nos. 2 and 3 were shot at expert rules; No. 8 was 12 known angles and 13 unknown angles; all the others were at known angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*25*
B Fish	19	18	16	18	19	11	7	16	H C Werleman	7	6	2	9	10	..	..	4
D G Geddes	19	17	..	..	16	..	..	..	J Prentice	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..
G C White	17	11	16	20	18	..	..	15									
G Notman	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Dec. 26.—A few members of the Westminster Kennel Club went down to Babylon, L. I., on a special train for a small live-bird shoot. Event No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5, two high guns, then miss-and-out. No. 2 was at 10 birds, $10, two high guns, miss-and-out on ties. No. 3 was shot under the same conditions as No. 1. Knapp, Watrous and Stafford did the best work in the above event. Stafford's run of 19 straight being an excellent one under the circumstances. Knapp made a run of 22 straight. Superintendent Mott provided a good lot of birds, as usual. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.
W H Stafford (30)	22222222—8	22222222222220—11	02: —2
Col Butler (28)	11222220—7	012112212 — 8	100 — 1
W W Watrous (28)	122220 —5	2202220 — 6	2122222222—11
C M Chapin (29)	220 —2	20220 — 4	120 — 2
W S Edey (29)	021 —2	200 — 1	02 — 1
J P Knapp (30)	020 —1	222222222222—12	2222222220—10
George Magoun (28)	2020 —2	202220112 — 7	022 — 2

A series of 8 miss-and-outs were shot, all $5 entrance, the shooters standing at the same handicap marks as above. The records in these 8 events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Knapp	5	1	5	1	5	1		
Watrous	2	0	2	0	0	2	3	5
Magoun	2							
Stafford	3	7	1	1	4	3	3	4
Butler	4	6	3	1	5	3	1	5
Edey	5	7	2	0				
Chapin	3	6	3	2	4	2	2	1

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 26.—The last live-bird shoot of the year for the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance was very small, all the interest in the club prizes centering in the contest between John Gaughen and Conny Furgueson for the Class B prize. Up to to day each had five wins to his credit. This afternoon Gaughen made his tally 6 by scoring 9 straight, his 10th bird dropping dead out of bounds. Conny lost a fast bird in the first round, and dropped another cipher on his score by losing his 7th. Jim Elliott, who is at present domiciled at Dexter Park, shot along as a guest of the club. Scores:

	Club shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Furgueson (AA, 30)	21222•2 2— 9	12222—5	02?22—4
J Gaughen (B, 29)	2222212?2•— 9	.....	1110—4
Conny Furgueson (B, 28)	0221210222— 8	.....	21022 4
F A Thompson (B, 28)	121102•12 — 8	12210—2	11102—4
*J A R Elliott (30)	2222222222—10	22222—5	0.220— 3
H M Furgueson	....	02020—2	.....
D C Bennett	....	.....	12112—5

* Guest.

Arendtsville Gun Club.

ARENDTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 21.—The records of the members of the Arendtsville Gun Club in the medal shoots and special events are given below. Also the recent scores made by members in 10-target events and in 6 live-bird events:

	June.		July.		Aug.		Sept.		Special.			
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*20*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*
C D Wisler	19	19	17	21	23	23	15	20	23	22	21	21
S M Eaholtz	18	17	..	..	21	19	15	14	20	21	..	16
C E Crum	19	15	11	..	..	22	..	18	18	..	13	19
A Schlesser	15	12	15	16	..	18	12	15	18	20	..	5
J C Thomas	..	..	..	16	..	13	19	20	..	..	19	18

Shooting at targets in 10-target events, the following scores were made recently:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Wisler	9	9	8	9	9	8	8	6	10	9
Eaholtz	9	6	6	8	9	6	8	..	8	9
Schiesser	8	3	8	5	6	5	3	8	4	10
Kebil	5	6	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Crum	7	8	9	9	7	6	9	9	..	..
Reinecker	8	5	..	6	6	..	..	..	6	7
Fissell	6	8	3	4	4	..	..	..	5	7
Taylor	8	7	7	10	8	..	..	..	8	..
Kane	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	5	3	5
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	8	8

Live-bird scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*	Birds:	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*
Wisler	10	9	5	4	4	5	Fissell	9	8	3	3	..	4
Wierman	10	8	..	..	..	..	Schiesser	7	6	..	1	..	1
Ertter	10	10	5	5	..	..	Reinecker	..	..	2	3	1	2
Crum	5	6	..	..	..	..	Beamer	..	..	4	3	3	3
Taylor	8	4	2	4	3	4	Hartmann	..	..	..	..	3	2
Eaholtz	9	7	4	2	4	..	Kane	..	..	..	..	4	4
Thomas	8	9	4	3	..	5	Becker	..	..	..	..	..	2
Hoechst	8	..	..	..	..	..	Lerew	..	..	..	..	..	2

A. G. C.

The Interstate Association.

CLASSIFICATION AND TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

THE Classification and Tournament Committee of the Interstate Association met at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway, Dec. 23, at 11 o'clock.

The members present were: Chairman Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Company; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; J. L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company, secretary-treasurer of the Association; and Mr. Detmold, representing his partner, Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, was unable to be present. J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, was also present.

The report of the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, on grounds for holding the Grand American Handicap was read, discussed and placed on file. The report showed that Mr. Shaner had visited the race tracks in the vicinity of Elizabeth, N. J.—Waverly, Linden and Dwyer's—and also the new grounds at Elkwood Park; and that he found that the tracks at Waverly and Linden were unsuited for the purpose required, but recommended that the committee visit in person the grounds at Dwyer's track and at Elkwood Park.

A proposition from Messrs. Zwirlein and Astfalk, the parties who desire to have the shoot at Dwyer's track, was read and placed on file.

Acting on the manager's recommendation, the committee decided to view both grounds on Tuesday, Dec. 29, leaving New York by the 10:10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., visiting the track at Elizabeth prior to going to Elkwood Park. After the trip the committee will meet and finally decide upon the grounds for holding the Grand American Handicap of 1897.

The committee also instructed the manager to make as favorable arrangements as possible in regard to dates, etc., with clubs in the following cities, with the idea of holding target tournaments at those points during the coming season: Baltimore, Md.; Richmond, Va.; Mobile, Ala.; Monroe, La.; New Haven, Conn.; Lewiston, Me.; Montpelier, Vt., and some point in New Hampshire. The committee recommended that the name of Nashville, Tenn., be substituted for one of the cities in the South named above.

The question of reviving the division of the purse in the Grand American Handicap was also discussed. The purse will be divided on the same plan as last year: First high gun will receive $500, second high gun $300, and third high gun $200. All surplus will be added, the above $1,000 being the usual guarantee. The surplus will be divided into a certain number of additional moneys, the proportions being graduated for every additional ten entries above forty up to 100 or more.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F., New York.—A friend of mine declares that in shooting rabbits when snow is on the ground dogs can be dispensed with, as the rabbits can be tracked to their hiding places or forms and started within range. I doubt it. Will you kindly give us your opinion? Ans. Your friend is correct, provided the tracks were made within a reasonable length of time, and the snow is soft enough to receive the foot imprints.

MAC, Philadelphia.—I have a large shepherd dog who will jump the fence, and I would like to know how to hobble him to prevent jumping, as I dislike to keep him chained. Ans. You can run a wire or two or three barbed wires from 12in. to 4 or 5ft. from the bottom of the fence and about 12in. from the ground, so that he cannot make a spring to jump. Or you can build your fence higher. A clog chained to the dog will also prevent him from jumping, but it will make him irritable, and in time injure his physique.